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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 832 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THOUSANDS APPLY FOR John Bull Jobs SEE P. 15

A MOST TERRIFIC REVELATION!

BY A. G. GARDINER

By Appointment

Demand Nestlé's always: it serves you right—all ways!

Compare the thick richness of Nestlé's Milk with the thin consistency of imitations and you will understand why no other milk equals Nestlé's in public favour. Quality—sheer good quality—has always appealed to the English people, and no cheaper brands can tempt the millions of people who have known Nestlé's as long as they have known anything. The name of Nestlé's is your safeguard of purity and quality—don't accept a substitute.

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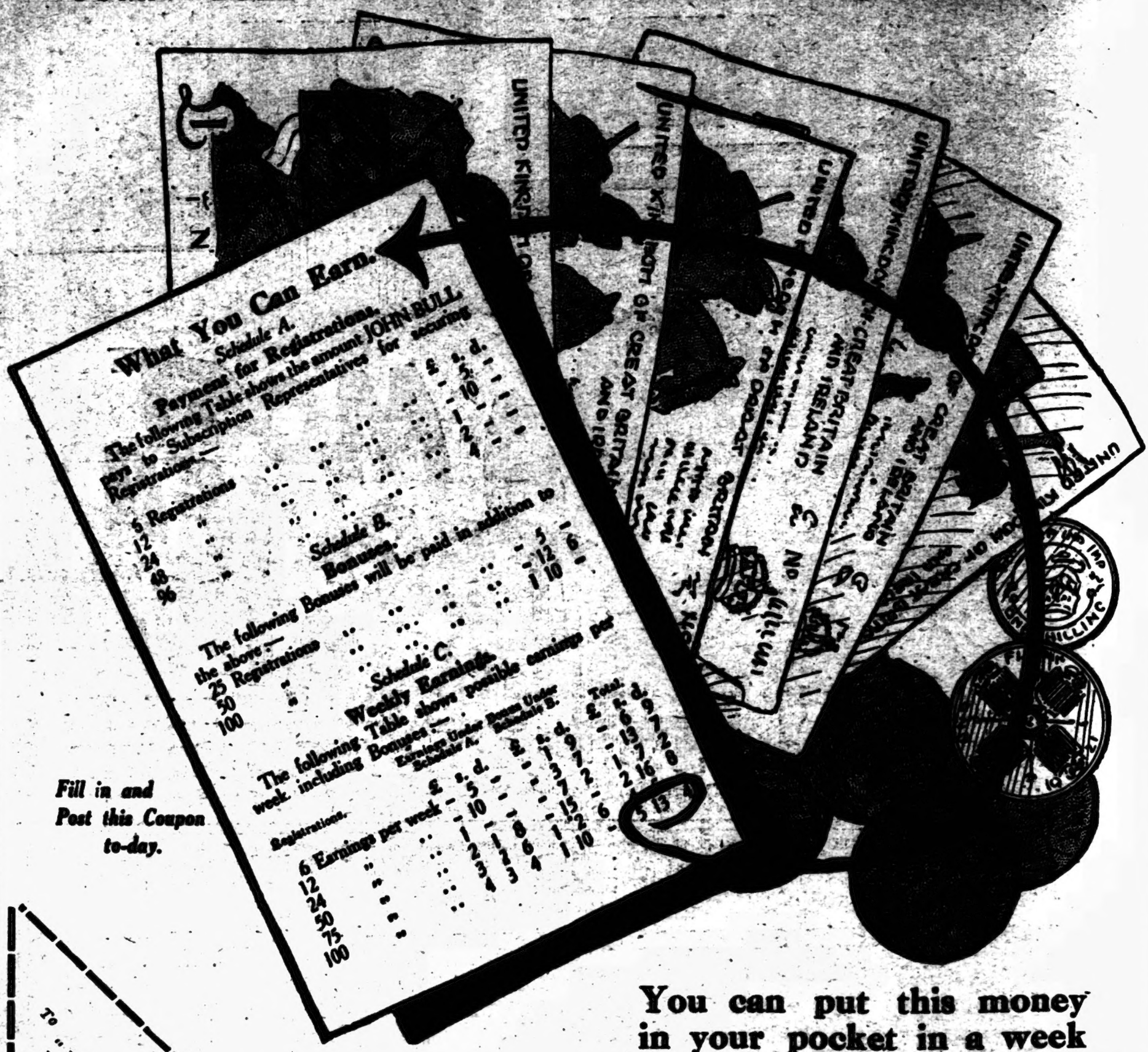
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12 " 10 0
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48 " 2 0 0
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Schedule C.
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The following Table shows possible earnings per week including Bonuses—
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6 £ 5 0 £ 1 3 7 £ 6 3 7
12 " 10 0 1 7 6 1 17 6
24 " 1 0 0 1 15 2 2 15 2
50 " 1 2 6 1 10 6
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PILES speedily and permanently cured by Natural Methods. Particulars free.—H. H. Ballard & Co., Cross Keys, Mon.

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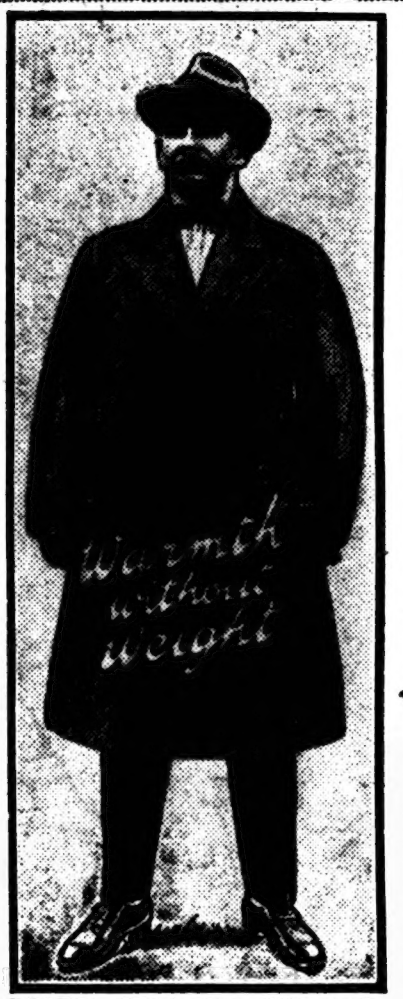

GEORGE CUMMINGS, THE FAMOUS WALKER IN HIS BARRY "WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT" OVERCOAT. (Photo by Personality Photo Press, Ltd.)

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Dear Sirs,

I must express myself as highly delighted with the Overcoat which you have made for me (warmth without weight).

It is an ideal garment for my use, giving me all the protection against cold, which I need, without encumbering me with superfluous weight.

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With renewed thanks for the attention given to my requirements,

Yours faithfully, (Signed) GEORGE CUMMINGS.

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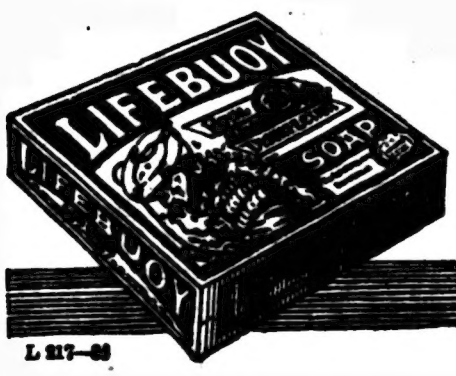
Wash face and hands with it—
Bathe with it—Shampoo with it.



LIFEBUOY SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

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Week ending Saturday,
Sept. 30, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9266
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

No November Election.

The near East crisis has had the result of making a November General Election impossible. The Prime Minister cannot now "blanket" the November Meeting of the Conservatives, at which he is *certain to get his notice to quit.*

Poor "Coalies."

The Premier will then resign and probably go to America for a short time. His Coalition-Liberal supporters will be left in the cart.

The Next Premier.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain is not a candidate for the post of successor to the Prime Minister. That will be Mr. Bonar Law. Watch Bonar Law!

Ignoring Curzon.

Lord Curzon was ignored as usual when the Government was preparing its statement regarding the Near East war-cloud. Outwardly, however, appearances were maintained by his mission to Paris. Perhaps when we get a new Government the Foreign Minister will really be in charge of foreign affairs.

By Jingo!

The Liberal pacifists have become jingoes. They were thrilled when Downing Street beat the war drums against the Turk. This is the first time they have approved of the Prime Minister's policy. It's an odd world.

Taking the Cure.

American papers comment on the large number of their countrymen "taking the cure" at European resorts, but they have not explained that very many of these cure-takers are good livers forced by dry laws to reside abroad.

New Blood Wanted.

The Wee Frees are planning a big platform campaign for the autumn. What they lack is a leader who really appeals to the people. And it must be a new man. The old hands are played out.

Dirty Food.

A far worse menace to the public health than "botulism" and other obscure diseases is the unclean condition in which food is exposed for sale in the great cities. The Ministry of Health should look to this growing scandal.

Essential Evidence.

Are the Prime Minister and the Chief Government Whip to be summoned to give evidence before the Royal Commission on Honours? If not, why not?

Celestial Tears.

A lady writer recalls the ancient belief that "every time a lie is told the angels weep." What a damp place Heaven must be while the Divorce Court is in session!

A Job for Nansen.

A bit of an explorer in his time, Dr. Nansen, now turned politician, can perhaps discover the purpose and object of the League of Nations. Nobody else can.

A Brainy Leader.

The new Chairman of the Trade Unions Congress, Mr. J. B. Williams, is of the "intellectual" type. The Labour Party is slowly learning the value of brains.

Unhorsed Rulers.

Long ago we warned the public of the likely consequences of Tino's treachery. It would be a good investment for the Allies to establish a permanent asylum for dethroned Kings.

Law Costs.

"The costs in the High Court of Justice are a public scandal," says Judge Crawford. Things must be pretty bad when a lawyer rails at the law. Perhaps the Lord Chancellor will take the hint.

Northcliffe's Legacy.

We must now get used to talking about the Rothermere Press. But it will never do for his Lordship's daily picture paper to be simply the *Mirror* of the *Mail*. Variety is the spice of journalism.

The Wireless Scandal.

Months ago we called attention to the inefficiency of the "wireless watchers" on many ocean liners. Since then the *Egypt* tragedy has proved our case. What does the Board of Trade intend to do?

Brockwell Park Beasts.

Now that the interest in shove-halfpenny and pitch and toss is on the wane, perhaps it will be possible to spare police to keep an eye on the beasts who molest little children of both sexes in Brockwell Park.

The Tories' "Bete Noir."

"Brimstone" Churchill, as he is termed by Labour, will be jettisoned when we get a purely Conservative Government. "L. G." insisted on having him in his Cabinet, much against the wishes of his Conservative friends.

Plain Proof.

Mr. William Dudley Ward, M.P., a Coalition Whip, has just gone to Canada—a further proof that the November Election is off.

Those Wretched Mandates.

When the Eastern trouble is cleared up, perhaps the British Government will have the sense to get out of Mesopotamia and Palestine and so avoid the risk of further complications East of Suez.

The Same with a Difference.

Referring to the True and Jacoby murders, Mr. Shortt now states that he "did absolutely the same in both cases." But with the trifling difference that poor Jacoby was hanged while True still lives in luxury. So much for the Shortt memory.

The Young Idea.

The *Daily Herald* solemnly announces that Phyllis Brown, aged three weeks, has been "publicly accepted into the Socialist movement" at East Ham. And we thought the new Editor, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, possessed a sense of humour.

How Dare He?

One of the minor police inspectors, who had evidently taken to heart some of the revelations in John Bull, has been severely rebuked for detailing men to watch Queenie Gerald "when they might have been more profitably and usefully employed"!

Hired Co-respondents.

The case of George Charman, following upon our recent article, "Hired Women in Divorce," has set everybody thinking. And mustn't Colonel Wedgwood, M.P., who, two years ago, publicly boasted of doing exactly what poor Charman did, be shaking hands with himself!

The Yellow Peril.

The Ministry of Health ought to concern itself with the sanitary conditions of some of the foreign restaurants in London where Chinese are employed in the kitchens. In one notorious place nine of our yellow brethren sleep in a room about 12 ft. square. The stench may be imagined.

West End Spider Webs.

Talking of Chinese, why do not the police "turn over" that place in Knightsbridge where, it is believed, opium parties take place nightly? There are far too many of these swell "dope joints" in London to-day, and until someone dies nothing ever happens to them.

Piety and Laughter.

The Rev. Stanley Shrubsole, Sutton's Congregational minister, thinks it would be better if people could laugh in church. Agreed. What a relief it would be, when listening to a certain type of sermon, in which bigotry and ignorance produce ludicrous results, to express one's feelings with a real hearty guffaw!

Ill-Balanced Education.

Of a class of 30 boys at a Cardiff secondary school, 29 knew a great deal about Cæsar and something about Cleopatra, but had never even heard of H. G. Wells or Bernard Shaw. It is the weakness of our educational system that it overloads the juvenile mind with the past, and leaves it in ignorance concerning the present.

Untimely and Ungrateful.

Mr. Huckins, a member of the Walton-on-Thames Council, chose an unfortunate moment to suggest that the "Anzacs' Gun" should be dumped in the middle of the Thames. Such a proposal seems particularly ungracious at the time of the appeal of the British Government to the Dominions for contingents to safeguard the Dardanelles.

Tonsils and Death.

A few days ago there occurred the death of yet another lad from "secondary hæmorrhage" after removal of the tonsils. The kindly Coroner decided that the death was accidental, and it is not for us to dispute his verdict. But we again utter our vigorous protest against these operations on children's throats, which, we are convinced, in many cases are unnecessary.

Miss-Apprehension?

In the *Parents' Educational Review* Miss Hesta Viney waxes unboundedly enthusiastic on family life. "In these days of birth-control enthusiasts, of anaemic, neurotic couples with no children, it would be well to dwell on the value of big families, who supply the Empire with its most stalwart sons," she says. Why is it almost always the unmarried who hold these views?

Better Late than Never.

Messrs. H. B. Clark & Co. (Ltd.), the Wakefield brewers, have notified their retailers that they are prepared to make a reduction of 6s. per barrel if the retailers undertake to sell at a halfpenny per pint less than the present figure. It means that the brewers are prepared to sacrifice 6s. per barrel if the publican does the same. Thus to shift the responsibility for maintaining the price on to the licensee strikes us as rather neat.

The Dreaded "Flu."

We are entitled to expect great things from Sir Humphry Rolleston's discovery that in many cases what is believed to be influenza is enteric or typhoid fever. This announcement may seem a small thing to the average layman, but it may well prove to be the starting point for a tremendous advance in curative medicine, which has for long remained comparatively stationary.

"Tram Death Traps."

Our recent article under the above heading has already had important results. Action to provide safer stopping-places is to be taken by the Municipal Tramways Association. Next should come the safeguarding of passengers alighting on the near side of tramway cars, whose lives are imperilled by vehicles overtaking and passing between them and the pavement. The Minister of Transport's statement that he cannot take any steps must not be the last word on this matter.

Seaside Pirates.

A cabman at Scarborough has been fined 30s. for charging a visitor twice the proper fare. This type of buccaneer is a common feature at holiday resorts, but because his victims are in a holiday mood he is seldom brought to justice. In this case the visitor who gave information to the police did a public service, for which he was properly thanked by the Mayor.

Teachers and Matrimony.

The Hull Education Committee have decided that married women teachers shall not be appointed in future. The teaching profession and married life are both exacting pursuits, and it is hard to see how both can be followed simultaneously with satisfactory results. Moreover, unemployed single women teachers should now find it easier to secure posts.

Potatoes and the Unemployed.

It will be a disgraceful thing if, as rumoured, it is the intention of certain farmers to plough their surplus potato crops into the ground because it will not pay them to harvest and market them. Surely, rather than this, the unemployed in the nearest towns might be given the opportunity to dig for themselves as many as they can carry away.

Pomp and Vanity.

We hope the man who paid £31 for the privilege of wearing a cocked hat; carrying a big mace; holding a Court Leet; appointing an ale taster, and receiving a rent roll of £2 os. 6d. a year, as Lord of the Manor of Newton Abbot, will be satisfied with his bargain. A knighthood, or a peerage, which might not have been half as picturesque, would have cost him a lot more.

A Failure?

According to all accounts, the West Sussex County Council Small Holdings and Housing Scheme, as developed at Barnham, or thereabouts, has been a dismal failure, and the Ministry of Health has been asked to institute an Inquiry into the matter. There certainly must be something wrong when cottages within two years of their erection are considered insanitary and a nuisance.

Tolerance.

Mr. Farnell, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, who placed his august ban on Grand Guignol, and was the supposed victim of the "chocolate poisoning plot," is, we understand, to be nominated as Vice-Chancellor for the third year in succession. Well, we suppose it is nice for Undergrads. to have someone upon whom they can play practical jokes.

"To Him That Hath——"

It is not surprising that dissatisfaction should have been caused by the employment of four pensioned ex-policemen to guard the suspension bridge at Teddington. All they have to do is to warn people that the bridge is dangerous, and unemployed ex-Service men rightly feel that this is work which might safely have been entrusted to them. Why ex-policemen should be dragged out of their comfortable retirement for the purpose is a puzzle.

The Cart before the Horse!

Motor cyclists cannot be expected to be so well acquainted with the law relating to the construction of their machines as the manufacturers should be. Many may not be aware that two independent brakes are insisted on. True, ignorance of the law is no defence—in law; but common justice suggests that the maker who fails to observe this requirement should be summoned at the same time, if not before, the rider of a defective machine.

Roberts, the Debt "Collector."

Our bad old friend C. Roberts—trading as the United Kingdom Colonial, Foreign and General Accountancy Offices, Royal Court Chambers, 70-72, Chancery Lane, W.C.—is still busy with his debt collecting ramp. One of his latest scoops was to collect £11 13s. 10d. for which he charged £6 13s. 9d. What a game!

Where is that Pied Piper?

Dalton Brook, near Rotherham, is suffering from a plague of rats. The material damage which these horrible vermin are causing, although considerable, is nothing to the fact that the other day a child was attacked by one of them whilst in bed. An anti-rat campaign must be organised without delay.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Surely the Bradford Stipendiary went rather out of his way when he rebuked the female witness who inadvertently began to take the oath by saying, "I swear by my Almighty God." "You have not a monopoly of the Almighty God, miss," he said, with unnecessary sternness—and bad logic, according to the Scriptures themselves.

"No Flowers."

The Exeter Council have decreed that no flowers shall be placed on the War Graves in their Cemetery, but that such tributes may be deposited at the foot of the Memorial Cross. It is scandalous that the relatives of men who died for their country should be denied the solace of adorning with flowers the last resting-place of those they loved.

Let Us Cure, Not Kill.

The old plea for a painless end for patients suffering from incurable diseases has again been uttered, this time by Mr. A. E. Cook, a Labour member of the Bath City Council, who suggests a Bill to give doctors the necessary discretion. But, what may appear incurable to-day will probably be curable to-morrow. Meanwhile, the sanctity of human life must not be tampered with.

Pitiful Poverty.

There is a great deal of post-war poverty that is not paraded in the streets. Through our "Greatest of These" Fund we were able, last week, to give a little assistance to a Brigadier-General who called on us in the hope of finding work. The gallant soldier was almost exhausted through lack of proper nourishment, though he did his best to keep a stiff upper lip. Is it not pitiful?

The Nelson Touch.

The traditional spirit of the British seaman was well illustrated the other day by Captain Shears, of the yacht *Onward*. A U.S. Prohibition agent, when the yacht was outside the three mile limit, attempted to make a boarding for the purpose of searching for liquor. But he reckoned without Captain Shears, who made no bones about pushing the officious intruder back into his own boat. Under the Union Jack, thank goodness, there is still some "freedom of the seas."

Not a Stepmother.

That mothers are sometimes as cruel to children as stepmothers is proved by Eleanor Irwin, of Feltham, now in gaol for a month. She was heard thrashing her seven-year-old son unmercifully with a strap, as many times before, saying she would kill him. She told a police sergeant she had hated the boy ever since he was born; she declared to the Magistrate he was born with the devil in him. Doubtless it would be more truthful to say the woman was born with the devil in her.

Our Antique Laws.

According to a ruling of Judge Cluer at the Shoreditch County Court, a boy's mother is not his "next friend." A boy of sixteen, being a legal infant, wished his mother to appear for him in a compensation case against his employers. The law insisted on a male relative appearing. It is high time we had a legal spring cleaning.

Marriage "On Tick."

It was most obliging of the verger to give a Mansfield couple a fortnight in which to find their wedding fees, but we are not quite sure that he was legally entitled to hold their marriage certificate as security meanwhile. Let's hope, however, that it will not prove a case of "Marry when 'short' and repent ere long."

When She Comes Home.

We are by no means sure that a month's imprisonment for a shop-door theft will cause Nellie Priestley to bring up her eight children any the better. However, the Wigan Magistrates suggested that it would. We would remind the sapient Cadis that a mother with the stain of imprisonment upon her must lose caste with her children.

A Father's Self-Sacrifice.

Albert James Ellis, of Crown Mansions, Liverpool Road, London, a tennis racquet stringer, was thrown out of employment by a factory fire. He did his best to get work, but failed. Frequently he abstained from food, so that his children should not go short. Then, worn out by struggle and hope deferred, he ended his life by inhaling coal-gas. A pitiful story!

Birds and the Brighton Bench.

In their handling of cruelty cases, the Brighton Magistrates appear to need gingering up. When Frederick Burton, a hawker, was before them for torturing three starlings used as decoys they merely fined him 20s. Was this adequate punishment for tying the helpless birds to pegs on the ground, where they were found bleeding and exhausted as the result of their fruitless efforts to escape?

"Fair" Faces.

Mr. Joseph Colgrove, one of the Guardians of the ancient city of Oxford, is violently prejudiced against that ancient institution, St. Giles' Fair. He has just passed some very nasty remarks anent the faces of the traders there, whom he refers to as "a collection of ugly, dirty people." Such vulgar abuse is unbecoming in a Guardian, to whom the poorer sort should be able to look for sympathy.

Vindictive.

Sir Chas. Jones, the Chairman of the Port Talbot Magistrates, has fined a man £20 for selling a box of matches and half-an-ounce of tobacco after hours. True, the defendant was an Italian, and it is the declared determination of Sir Charles to "force these foreigners to abide by the laws of the country in which they live." But that is no reason why one of them should be so mulcted for a paltry offence.

A Cruel Hoax.

The perverted sense of humour recently shown by Governor Cox of Ohio is evidently catching. An ex-officer named Watson was asked to call at the Hotel Metropole, Folkestone, with a view to employment as a valet by a supposed Army Major who was staying there. The poor fellow spent his last penny in making himself presentable for the appointment, but on arriving at the hotel found the invitation was a hoax. A meaner "joke" it would be difficult to conceive.

Inexcusable Cruelty.

The wife of a kennelman is the last person one would expect to be guilty of cruelty to helpless puppies. That, however, was the offence of Mrs. Jessie Scott, of Sunningdale, who was fined two guineas for neglecting to supply three puppies with sufficient nourishing food. They were found, dirty and emaciated, in a kennel. Such horrible inhumanity on the part of a woman is revolting.

The Limit.

A more despicable theft than that committed by Reginald Gold, aged 22, it would be difficult to imagine. He robbed a blind man of the gramophone and records which he played in the street for a living; he was sentenced to a richly deserved six months' hard labour by the Magistrate at Old Street. Even in the confraternity of rogues, we should imagine, Reginald Gold must be considered as rather beyond the pale.

Sneak-Thief Fraud.

A tradesman who resorts to the mean device of weighting his scales against his customers deserves the highest penalty a Magistrate can impose. William Birkett, of Wimbledon, who sells vegetables in Kingston Market, had pieces of lead fixed on his scales. Fortunately an Inspector of Weights caught him red-handed, and William retired to do three weeks' hard labour in one of His Majesty's prisons. He deserves every day of it!

The Forward Look

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE nearest parallel in English history to the amazing rise of David Lloyd George is the career of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

There is little resemblance in character between the two men, but much in their respective destinies.

Both of them attained, despite seemingly insurmountable obstacles, to the highest position in the service of the State and a commanding influence in the councils of the world. There are other similarities which need not be mentioned.

Is part of the quality of genius the ability to ignore defeat? It would appear so.

Said an American paper recently: "The condition of Mr. Lloyd George is now so desperate that we suspect him to be on the eve of one of his greatest triumphs." Disraeli attributed his own success to his power of never dwelling upon a failure.

Herein is a lesson for the ordinary man. Nothing is more morally enfeebling than gloomy retrospect.

It is not only totally useless but throws the future into a false perspective.

It is a prolific cause of the many crimes of despair we are reading about just now. More murders and suicides spring from this root than from any other.

It is wise to form the habit of healthy forgetting. The dead past should be thrust out of mind when it threatens to shackle the soul.

Remorse is not repentance; it may be the very opposite of repentance.

Don't brood on your own mistakes and wrongdoings any more than on other people's.

Admit them, learn from them, and turn your face to the light.

Let no misfortune hold you down.

It may turn out to be the best piece of luck you ever had.

Callous Guardians.

Lincoln Guardians kept 200 unemployed men waiting outside in pouring rain, while they debated means of supplying relief. When a Labour member invited the men in on his own responsibility, the worthy Guardians made a bee-line for the exits. No wonder!

A Brute's Deserts.

John Cupitt, of Mexborough, roasted a cat alive in a boiler-house fire. The poor animal managed to get out in the first instance, but Cupitt chased the terrified singed creature, seized it, and again put it in the fire. Thank heaven, the Doncaster Magistrates had no compunction about sending him to prison for fourteen days. Six months would have been better.

A Contrast.

It is a relief to turn to the brave and humane conduct of William Jones, a mason, and Tom James, a collier, who, at the risk of their lives, rescued a sheep which had fallen forty-five feet down a quarry at Ynysher, near Pontypridd. If John Cupitt deserved two weeks' hard labour for his cruelty, Jones and James merit a fortnight's holiday for their kindness.

A Woman's Wisdom.

Mrs. Maud Shutt, J.P., justified her elevation to the Salford Bench the other day when, after inflicting a fine in a betting case—which the law compelled her to do—she said: "In my opinion it is not a crime to bet or take bets, and I look on the fine as being in the nature of a tax." Mrs. Shutt favours the licensing of bookmakers—a measure urged by us for years.

Moneylenders' Victims.

That a poor woman should have been driven to suicide to extricate herself from the toils of a moneylender is lamentable. Women who suffer as she did are largely the victims of their own ignorance and fear of exposure. If they would only apply to a County Court Judge for a revision of the transaction, they would find that the rapacity of moneylenders is severely restricted by law.

Harvest Thanksgiving.

There seems to be something incongruous in all the churches and chapels announcing Harvest Thanksgiving Festivals at a time when enormous quantities of the produce of the earth are being used as manure, although so many people are on the verge of starvation and cannot afford even a carrot or a cabbage because prices are so high. It is a strange sort of "Harvest Home" for them.

"For This Relief——"

After appealing in vain to the St. Pancras Guardians for 6s. a week in money as well as 6s. in kind, so that she could pay the rent of her miserable room, a poor woman was driven to despair by threats of eviction, and tried to poison herself. She was thereupon removed to Claybury Asylum, where the Guardians are now paying 29s. 4d. a week for her maintenance. This is as inhuman as it is uneconomical, for the woman shows no sign of insanity.

The Retort Courteous.

Among our recent Candid Communications was one to the Rev. Arthur Montford, of the Church of the Ascension, Lavender Hill, S.W., who had been criticising the way hymns were sung in church. It seemed to us that Mr. Montford was poking a little mild fun at his parishioners, but it is evident that we were mistaken. "Nothing would be farther from my thoughts," writes the reverend gentleman, "than to jeer at anyone's accent because it was not 'Oxford.' I hope Oxford taught me better than that." So that's all right.

THE R.S.P.C.A. FORGETS ITS DUTY

Unfortunate Episodes That Mar The Society's Fine Record.

WE believe we may safely say that up to a few months ago no association in the United Kingdom was the object of greater confidence on the part of the public than the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The fact that the institution enjoys the patronage of their Majesties the King and Queen, of Queen Alexandra and lesser royalties; that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is its President; and that it is honoured with the active support of scores of our nobility and gentry, has inspired an almost unanimous belief in the sincerity of its professions.

But, not only in the interests of the animals—whereof the protection is the sole purpose of the Society's existence—but also out of regard for the purity of what one may call semi-official or semi-public life, we deem it our bounden duty to draw attention to certain disturbing facts which lately have come to light.

One might have thought, however regretfully, that there were enough cases of cruelty to animals throughout the country to engage the attention of the Society's Inspectors, without their having to resort to the dishonest practice of rendering bogus reports of convictions to Headquarters as proof of their zeal.

But it seems that the Society's Inspectors all over the country are expected to send in as many cases as possible; unfortunately these are not always scrutinised as carefully as they should be.

Six months ago the public mind was gravely disturbed by certain charges preferred by the *New Witness* against the administration of the R.S.P.C.A. It was alleged, with chapter and verse, that while the certified record of charges of cruelty to horses heard at the Lambeth Police Court during October, 1921, covered only nine cases—seven convictions and two dismissals — the report of the R.S.P.C.A. Inspector for the district for the same month showed eleven convictions. In other words, four of the convictions claimed by the Inspector were of a bogus nature, a fictitious return having been presented to the Society complete in every detail down to the names of the witnesses and the convicting Magistrates.

At the time we purposely refrained from endorsing these allegations in the hope that the Society would be able to dispose of them. Unfortunately nothing of the kind has happened; the Society has entirely failed to reassure the public, and its work has been crippled by these overhanging charges,

We will now consider the equally unsatisfactory and inexplicable association of the Society's Chief Secretary, Captain Edward G. Fairholme, O.B.E., with the concern known as the British Animals Products, Ltd., of which he is a Director.

This Company was formed in 1914 to collect worn-out horses, without cruelty, and have them painlessly killed. At that time the scandal of the decrepit horse traffic to the Continent was exciting widespread indignation, and support for the new enterprise, with its eminently humane object, was quickly forthcoming. Large profits to shareholders were not promised, but a hope that it would be found possible to run the business on economic lines was expressed.

In view of the professedly humanitarian purpose of the concern, it came as a shock to the shareholders when, last year, it was fined for "permitting a black gelding and a bay mare to be conveyed from Watford to the Maiden Lane Depot of the L.N.W. Railway, whilst each animal was suffering from a fistulous wound of the coronet of the off hind leg, thus causing the animal unnecessary suffering, and further for permitting a dark bay mare to be conveyed on the Railway whilst affected with fever of the feet."

Mr. William Shaw, Inspector of Animals, saw the three horses arrive, after seventeen hours' travelling. His evidence was: "In their condition they could not have travelled without pain, owing to their extreme lameness. They could not have kept their balance in the train, and shunting had caused them to damage themselves. They had suffered some time before this journey, and no careful person should have sent them on it."

The defence was that the horses were sent to London, as that was the best market. Strange that a humanitarian Company should sacrifice the feelings of three suffering horses for the sake of a better price. For the British Animals Products, Ltd., have a slaughter-house of their own at St. Albans, where the horses might have been taken and painlessly killed instead of subjecting them to the agony of a seventeen hours' journey by rail.

A further somewhat sinister point is this: that when, as the result of a Court case instigated by the Society, a horse is ordered to be killed, the British Animals Products, Ltd., not infrequently take the carcase for the purpose of converting it into by-products of commercial value.

It is time that the Council of the R.S.P.C.A. took these matters into their very serious consideration. That the Society has done, and is still doing, splendid work cannot be denied.

It is consequently the more distressing that the faintest shadow of doubt or suspicion should be allowed to rest upon it.

"WHITEWASHING" A MAYOR

A Southwark Council Scandal

SOME months ago, in our Financial columns, we drew attention to the action of the Mayor of Southwark, Mr. George Hills, J.P., leader of the Socialist Labour Party in that Borough, in permitting his official designation to be appended to his name in a touting circular recommending the purchase of oil shares issued by a firm of which he is a partner, from an address at 113, Newington Causeway, S.E.

That Mr. George Hills, senior, in partnership with Messrs. George and Charles Hills (presumably his sons) has a perfect right to engage in a share-pushing business we would not for one moment dispute; but we hold him guilty of an indiscretion in associating himself in his public and official capacity with a firm engaged in unloading very doubtful shares on the public.

That our view is shared by his fellow Councillors was confirmed at a meeting of the Southwark Borough Council, held at the end of May, when Councillor Morton secured the appointment of a sub-committee composed of members of all Parties to go into the matter.

The result of the deliberations of this very representative body has at last been made public. We have read the Report, and must confess ourselves astonished at its moderation. It runs:

"We have very fully considered the point raised at a recent Council meeting regarding the Mayoralty and the issue of a certain circular relative to financial transactions. The Mayor has frankly admitted that his name, as Mayor, does appear on the circular in question, but points out that his action was quite innocent and in no way intended to affect the dignity of the office he has the honour to hold. Under these circumstances we are of opinion that the matter should be allowed to drop. At the same time we are also of opinion that all persons holding public positions of trust should not use their official designations in connection with private, financial or commercial ventures of any kind."

We willingly acquit the Mayor of any intention "to affect the dignity" of his office, but who can absolve him from the desire to further the interests of his firm by the use of his official designation in its circulars?

We consider that the Mayor's indiscretion was the more serious since it was committed in connection with so dubious an undertaking as Packers Oil Company—a concern not mentioned in the standard reference books, and for whose shares there appears to be no market in this country. The Mayor of Southwark should remember "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," even if the pedestal is no higher than that which he adorns.

TRICKY MAIL ORDER TRADERS

How Housewives are Humbugged

THE tricks resorted to by some shady traders to extract money from the unsuspicious are of almost infinite variety.

One of the latest to come under our notice is that practised by T. and J. Lee, or the Star Brass-foundry Co., 1, Newhall Hill, Birmingham—self-styled specialists in fire-brasses and "all brass kerbs and fenders."

This enterprising couple distribute a combined price-list and circular letter calculated to deceive all who are so foolish as to expect to obtain something for nothing.

The deceptive document opens on a lofty note: "It is said that every British Man or Woman takes a pride in their home. Do you take a pride in yours? We believe you do, and that is why we venture to submit to your notice the enclosed illustrated list of Firebrasses, Companions, and the latest model kerbs and fenders . . . All goods are guaranteed solid brass (not plated), and to prove to you the benefits you get by trading with the manufacturers, we will present a beautiful brass kerb or fender (model 55 or 60) to all purchasers of a set of firebrasses or a companion set as illustrated . . . the Kerb or Fender . . . is given you absolutely free . . . The free kerb or fender (state whether model 55 or 60 is required) is sent you at the same time. We do not charge you a penny for the free kerb or fender. We make you this offer owing to the very depressed conditions of trade. We wish to keep our works going. Later on, when trade revives, we shall be compelled to withdraw the offer."

If ever a document was designed to delude it is that from which we give the above extracts. The frequently recurring reference to the "Free kerb or fender" might easily have an almost mesmeric effect upon the inexperienced and unsuspecting, and would lead them to believe—as obviously is intended—that a serviceable kerb or fender will be presented to them gratis on purchasing a set of fire-brasses.

Alas, for such expectations! Along with the fire-brasses comes, not the useful free gift anticipated, but a useless toy in the shape of *a three-inch brass model of a kerb or fender*, which might, indeed, delight the heart of a child with a large doll's house, but which is a bitter disappointment to the housewife who had looked for something wherewith to beautify her home.

In one case a letter of remonstrance elicited the following reply from this cunning concern: "We never promised to give you a 4 ft. fender. We promised you a model, and that has been sent to you. We are placing your letter in the hands of our solicitors."

Brazen to the last!

THE TRAFFIC IN SOULS

How Four Wolves in Sheeps' Clothing Make Money Out of Missions and Run Revivals on a Commission Basis

COINING cash from religious emotion is not a nice idea. To book engagements with the avidity of a music-hall agent haggling for the best terms for "Revivals" and "Soul-saving Missions" is repulsive. But it is being done with increasing brazenness.

Missions of a supposedly revivalistic character are not criticised. It is the professional Missioner who commercialises them, and when approaching the committee uses such phrases as this (taken from correspondence quite recent): "I guarantee to get better results than any other Missioner . . . A minimum of ten pounds for the week and ten per cent. on the collections is the lowest I can open up a week's Revival for." The "results" refer to the "conversions." How these conversions are totalled up may best be explained by what happened at a Newcastle-on-Tyne "Revival" not long ago.

AT the close of each meeting the Missioner made an hysterical appeal for "souls to be saved." On each side of the platform was a door bearing the words, "Men" and "Women." A queue stood outside each and the numbers were announced. But a careful observer might have noted that each evening the same old faces were to be seen in the waiting throng. In short, it was a piece of religious "showmanship"—spelling for the Missioner "good business" (for he was paid by results) and hateful to the name of true Religion.

The recent Cardiff "Mission" of the man styling himself Captain "Gipsy Pat Smith," has left a very painful impression upon earnest Christian workers. This man netted takings of over ten pounds a day in circumstances that are not explained by his attempt to justify himself with a show of indignation. He first bargained with the Committee for an agreed sum; then envelopes begging for more money were sent round on his behalf; and he wound up taking a high-handed attitude that "the labourer is worthy of his hire."

WHO is this man? First he is obviously making capital by the assumption of a name that for years has been honourably used by an evangelist who is a real missioner—Gipsy Smith, who never in any circumstances would dream of rattling the collection plate so insistently. Secondly, why is he using the title of "Captain"? And, finally, his statement that he was born in a gipsy tent in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and is thus entitled to add the prefix "Gipsy" to his name is questionable. This man is a religious fanatic, gifted with a glib tongue, full of "push and go" and making missions a money-spinning proposition. Have the Committees who entered into his schemes for "Soul-saving Campaigns" in various parts of the country taken the trouble to examine his credentials?

WHAT about the Brothers Wood? They are blossoming out again in new force, after having first posed as Conscientious Objectors and then entering the R.A.M.C., and settling down to a strangely "soft" life at Blackpool at their Depot. Neither of these two men went overseas, and immediately the War was over and demobilisation set them free they were up to the old game again.

They run the Young Life Campaign. The idea may be right; the method is wrong. For, through it all is heard the jingle-jingle of the collection plate, the eternal fashioning of devices to raise funds.

What is the method? A series of "Rallies" and "Whirlwind Campaigns" everlasting stretching on through the year—to provide the Brothers Wood with a very comfortable occupation. Everything is done decently. There is an imposing Committee with some comforting names upon it; Arthur Wood and his brother draw a stated salary per week; the staff of "earnest young Christians" in the stuffy offices in Ludgate Circus are also handsomely remunerated. It is a "business"—a commercial proposition supported by those credulous people who really imagine that the Brothers Wood are carrying on a "Great Uplift"—their own phrase—by "saving the Young Men and Women of this Country."

WE ask: What are the results for the vast sums that have been frittered away in printing, advertising, Missioners' salaries, Secretary's ditto, "expenses," meetings, etc.? Not long ago there was a big Rally at Nottingham. How many "young lives" were saved?

There is another type of "Mission" that is perhaps more repulsive. This is the "Protestant Campaign" run by Kensit, the son of John Kensit, who died after being struck by a file thrown at him at Birkenhead.

KENSIT has a bookshop in St. Paul's Churchyard. He gets the boost for his business by retailing sensational anti-monastic literature in the form of picturesque stories and trash long ago branded as the worst style of fiction—and inflammable pamphlets of a "No Popery" type. This business would have snuffed out long ago had not the astute Kensit made enormous capital out of his father's protest against Ritualism. The son placed himself at the head of the aggressive Protestants in this country who honestly believe that "the fires of Smithfield will again be lighted," and look upon the Pope as Antichrist.

Kensit founded the Wycliffe Preachers and started a "Protestant Mission"; also a Preachers' Training College, every official office in which was held by himself or members of his family. He collects subscriptions all over the country to "carry on My Father's Noble Protest," and makes an excellent thing out of it.

THEN what about that famous "Prince of Missioners"—a vague title concealing the personality of a particularly unpleasant creature? This pseudonym cloaks the identity of a former resident of Brighton, and a lascivious scoundrel. His method is to write to a leading Minister of the Free Churches (he avoids the Church of England) and suggest a Mission. Then funds are collected. A "Great Revival" is advertised. Finally "The world's most wonderful Missioner" arrives and is usually billeted in the best room of the house of the leading pillar of the Chapel.

This man has been in prison under a variety of weird aliases. He was convicted some years ago of an indecent assault upon a little girl, and again for obtaining money by false pretences. But how easy for this man to have imposing note-paper printed, vamp up a mission with the help of decent Christians, and pouch ten pounds a week and a percentage of the takings! The Committees who arrange these "Revivals" should be very careful to make sure that they are dealing with an honest man and not a religious impostor with the gift of the gab and wearing the hypocrite's mask.

THE professional "Missioner" who saves souls on a commission basis is a pest badly needing exposure and then extermination. No effort on our part will be spared to bring him to book. Too long has he been taken at his "face" value.

WHERE MISSING GIRLS GO

A Busy Pair of White Slavers

MORE than once JOHN BULL has found it necessary to sound a warning note with regard to the pitfalls prepared for British girls who are imprudent enough to accept proffered posts abroad without satisfying themselves of the genuineness of the situations. The bait is displayed in the columns of the London and Provincial Press, generally in the form of advertisments offering attractive situations with various kinds of "English business houses" abroad.

Inquiries leave no doubt that among the most active of these setters of traps for the unwary English girl are a precious pair who pass by the name of M. and Madame Paul Nieillé, and in that name have stayed in the last few months at some of the best hotels in Paris and Brussels.

This is only one of the many names used by the precious pair—the real name of the man is Pierre Lafarge, and in that name he has been convicted in France a number of times for offences against women, being a notorious *souteneur* from the Paris underworld.

The woman is a Mdlle. Lena Voigt, a Jewess, who is known to the police of three Continents because of her association with white slave traffic.

When the victim is trapped, she arrives in Paris or Brussels in the belief that she is on the highway to affluence. She is seen by the man or by "madame," at one of the numerous hotels freely used by the pair in different names. The terms offered and the nature of the work seem all that could be desired, and it is arranged that the girl should start work in a fortnight's time.

In the meantime there is the question of somewhere to live. Madame dwells on the risk of lodgings for the girl unused to the wicked ways of the Continent and has the inspiration that there is an old friend of hers who would be willing to give a comfortable home at nominal charge until something better is found. The offer is gladly accepted, the girl takes up her abode—only to find that she is in a house beset with moral danger.

One or other of the men resorting to the house accomplish her ruin and the chief concern of the disillusioned girl is to hide her shame from her friends. Madame then reveals herself in her true colour, pointing out the path that she originally designed the girl to travel, and rather than tell her friends the truth the girl falls in with the suggestion.

There are scores of such girls to be found earning the bread of shame on the streets or the pleasure haunts of Paris or Brussels.

More than once in the last twelve months the pair have had the audacity to take up their quarters under one or other of their *aliases* at leading hotels in London. There is one girl whose disappearance created a sensation a few weeks ago who has had bitter cause to rue the day she met them there. She is now a frequenter of some of the more notorious cafes in Brussels and her highly connected relatives have not the faintest suspicion of the truth about her.

SOME MISSING MILLIONS

The Mystery of the Prince of Wales' Fund

WHEN the shadow of the Great War fell upon Europe, one of the first to appreciate its significance, and to realise the appalling distress that would follow in its train, was H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Confident of a prompt and generous response, he—as is common knowledge—founded the Prince of Wales' Fund, which quickly swelled to huge proportions.

By the beginning of 1915, £26,000 was subscribed to the Fund by Aberdeen alone. A handsome contribution; but we find that it cost £240 to administer £1,000 of it! In Glasgow £2,832 5s. 8d. was distributed in relief—at a cost of as much as £1,294 8s. 3d., of which £343 0s. 8d. was accounted for under the heading of "Miscellaneous," and £122 15s. 6d. as "Tea Allowance for Staff."

From the very beginning, defective, careless and extravagant administration seems, in a great measure, to have stultified the Fund. We find that in 1915, for example, the Shoreditch Borough Council were granted £375 towards the cost of re-furnishing the Council Chamber; that a "preliminary" grant of £1,000 was made to a certain scheme for the "civic survey" of Greater London, South Lancashire and South Yorkshire; that in 1916, in Croydon alone, the cost of "working expenses" for a period of twelve months, apart from rent and lighting, amounted to over £998; that the Salvation Army benefited by £5,000; that £800,000, in special circumstances, was "loaned" to the Government, and, so far as we can make out, only £105,000 received back in repayment; and that all the time these substantial sums were being paid out in this fashion, the dependants of men who had fought and died for the country were faced with the grim spectre of starvation.

If we at home do not know what has become of so vast a proportion of this Fund, which ultimately exceeded £7,000,000, much less do its subscribers abroad and in the Dominions. British subjects in the Straits Settlements, Malay States and Borneo subscribed over £80,000 specifically to the Fund, and as recently as February, 1921, were vainly pressing for information as to how their money had been expended.

For our own part, what we are anxious to know is, what has happened to the residue of the Fund? We are aware that it became the National Relief Fund, and afterwards the United Services Fund. But that is cold comfort. Those who answered the Prince of Wales' appeal would like to have a clear statement as to how their money was used, and in whose hands the balance remains.

A DEFIANT SLUM OWNER

Miners' Families and Filthy Middens

IT is the greatest of pities that something more severe than a monetary penalty cannot be inflicted upon slum property-owners who display gross disregard for the health of their tenants.

Mrs. Selina Ann Driver lives in a beautiful country residence known as "Carleton Grange," near Pontefract. It stands in its own grounds of many acres, and the view from the front lawn, especially in the early spring, is one to charm the eye.

That is one side of the picture. Let us look at the other.

Some of this woman's tenants live in Halton Street, Featherstone, a mining village near by. As far back as August of last year, the Featherstone Urban Council obtained an Order against Mrs. Driver to convert thirty-eight conveniences to the water carriage system, and it was stated that she had been given abundant opportunity to do the work before the proceedings.

The Order was ignored, and further action was taken last February, when the defence was put forward that the owner could not afford to carry out the alterations. It was pointed out that labour and material were much cheaper than formerly, and the hearing was adjourned to give her another opportunity of complying with the Order.

The case came up again in April, and the same excuse was made for not carrying out the repairs. The Council had declined to execute the work themselves, and the Chairman of the Bench, declaring that the defendant was setting the Court at defiance, fined her 10s. a day from the date of the Order and costs, £53 15s. in all.

In May a further penalty of £14 10s. was inflicted. In July a fine and costs amounting to £33 was imposed.

Still the woman maintained her defiant attitude, while the state of the property went from bad to worse. In some cases the doors of the conveniences, which in several instances have to be shared by two families, are missing altogether, while in a much larger number the roofs leak badly, and there is grave danger of infectious disease from the defective middens.

At the last hearing, a week ago, a further fine and cost of £39 was imposed. The woman who resides in stately comfort at "Carleton Grange" was neither present nor represented. Up to date, she has incurred penalties amounting to nearly £150, and still defiantly refuses to carry out the work.

It is a pity she cannot be compelled herself to live under the conditions she imposes on her poor tenants. Then she might realise the meanness of her conduct.

A BRIGADIER'S PLIGHT

Fine Record Ignored

FROM time immemorial the observance of the strict letter of the law rather than its broad spirit has been responsible for much cruelty and hardship.

One of the victims of this adamantine adhesion to printed regulations is tramping the inhospitable streets of London to-day—a General of the British Army, on the reserve of officers, looking in vain for work.

Despite his thirty years of military service, in the course of which he won distinction in Matabeleland and South Africa; notwithstanding his splendid record in the Great War, during which he was once buried, twice gassed, three times wounded, and not only was seven times mentioned in despatches, but was awarded the D.S.O. four times, and received the C.M.G., the Croix de Guerre and other medals, and rose to the rank of Brigadier-General, he is denied a pension, because, forsooth, his military service with the British Army was not continuous, having been interrupted through his having been chosen by Lord Roberts to raise the first Constabulary Force in the Transvaal under the then Military Governor.

Such are King's Regulations!

But is not this a case for exceptional consideration? For such a man to be tramping the streets month after month in search of employment is a stain upon the Army and a slur upon the Nation's gratitude.

WITCHCRAFT UP-TO-DATE

Impostors Who Prey on the Gullible

THE three witches who gave Macbeth a bad quarter of an hour on the blasted heath oppear to have very much milder successors to-day. The Black Art, as practised by the unattractive trio mentioned, has been shorn of its Grand Guignol characteristics, and has degenerated to such a degree that it has now become a poor sort of Dirty-White Art.

They operate from respectable addresses. Take, for instance, Madame Signa, of 12, Newton Street, Charing Cross, Glasgow, who claims to be able to tell one's character, abilities, changes, marriage and health on receipt of the inquirer's birth date, an old glove, or some hair-combings, *and* 2s. 6d., also instructs in the art of telling fortunes by cards and "How to Read Tea-Cups." Both the volumes which she supplies for this purpose—1s. 9d. and 1s. 7d. respectively—can be described in each case as nothing other than a farrago of utter nonsense and an insult to the meanest intelligence.

But it was the replies received from Prof. Gould, "The Nook," Heathfield Road, Cardiff; William Small, 21, Bank Street, Greenock; George Eshelby, 37, Milford Street, Splott, Cardiff; and Mrs. S. Fielder, 29, Fairbridge Road, Upper Holloway; which proved the most interesting, on account of the ludicrous fashion in which they contradicted each other, and, in one instance, because of the illiteracy displayed.

Prof. Gould, in return for 1s., informed the inquirer that he could look forward to many burdens, and sorrow and labour of body and mind; whereas William Small, whose fee was 2s., opened by saying: "There is a very bright future for you . . . You will marry very comfortable (*sic*) . . . You are fond of litrature (*sic*) . . . Your future life will be very prosperous." Is it possible that the higher fee accounts for the more pleasing prophecy?

This may well be; for George Eshelby, who was content with 1s. 6d., transmitted the following message from his "guides": "This young man is likely to experience many difficulties during the next few years, as things will be so unsettled for him."

On the other hand, Mrs. S. Fielder was confident—for 2s. 6d.—that the inquirer would "have an offer to go abroad that is very good," but "look after your chest."

The foregoing should be sufficient to prove the utter folly of wasting money on the puerile rubbish supplied by these fraudulent necromancers, whose "occultism" consists solely of a desire and determination to extract money from fools.

STARVING TO LIVE

A Family Balance Sheet

IT was all very well for old Cicero to declare, "You should eat to live, not live to eat!" but it is difficult to see how this sage advice can be carried out in the following circumstances.

William G. Saxton, of 17, Crown Mansions, Liverpool Road, London, N.7., has an excellent army record. Unfortunately, like so many more, he finds that the country that needed him so badly during the war has little use for him when living, instead of killing, is the great necessity, and though he has tried in every direction, he has found it impossible to obtain work.

This struggle is made all the harder by the fact that he has a wife and a family of nine to support. His wife cannot find work, his eldest son Ernest (19) is unemployed, and his second boy George (18) brings home £1 a week. There remain William (14), Grace (12), Dorothy (11), Horace (9), Adah (8), Phyllis (6), and baby Clifford (3) to be provided for.

How are these eleven to eat to live?

Here is the balance sheet:—

Credit: Father's and mother's dole, 8s. 8d.; Ernest's ditto, 2s. 6d.; George's wages, £1; grocery ticket, 12s.; total income, £2 3s. 2d.

Debit: Rent, 14s. 6d.

Balance for maintenance of man and wife and family of nine: £1 8s. 8d.

It is not a case of eating to live; it is starving to live.

THE TRAGEDY of the HOSPITALS

Immediate Need for Drastic Action

by ARNOLD BENNETT

[Our distinguished contributor contrasts the great public attention directed by the Press to the discovery of an alleged marvellous spring with the paucity of space devoted to the urgent and crushing needs of our great hospitals.]

AT Vange, a hamlet hitherto unknown to travellers but quite near to London, sick people are congregating at the rate of a thousand a day to drink the water of a marvellous spring which (if one may believe what one reads) cures all sorts of diseases, including old age, instantly. One cup, and the thing is done!

Naturally the roads to Vange are full of sick pilgrims, some footing it, some in Rolls-Royces.

Naturally also the newspapers are full of tales of the cured pilgrims. News is news.

"Imaginary" ills are nevertheless ills, and sometimes more serious than "real" ills. If Vange cures, let it go on curing as long as it can; at the worst, somebody will make a profit for a period; and in the end the roads to Vange will be empty again.

I REGRET only the space given to the matter in the newspapers. I could wish that that space had been given to the hospitals, which sorely need it. A mighty effort has been made to set the hospitals on their legs; but the effort has been only partially successful, and to my mind the newspapers might have done a little more than they have done.

It is no use getting tired of the hospital question; we might as well get tired of fighting a destructive fire; the hospital question will insist on being settled.

AT this moment large numbers of acutely needed beds are closed because money cannot be found to keep them open.

Charity has seriously diminished, which is not a bit surprising; and the poor suffer. The diminution of charity by the few means the increase of pain among the many, and for some it means death.

Charity is a very fine thing; in my view it is the finest thing. And that practically all hospitals in the country should have originated in, and be dependent for their full continuance upon, purely voluntary contributions is a magnificent demonstration of our racial generosity.

BUT can we permit this state of affairs to continue? Is the treatment of disease, the relief of pain, the warding off of death, to depend (as it does) upon the greater or less burden of income-tax and the rise or fall of stocks? Or is the immense problem to be handled scientifically and as a whole by the State?

In principle I detest the idea of surrendering any more activities to the State. But I do not believe that private charity will ever again suffice to meet the enormous financial requirements of our hospitals. Either our hospitals will decay, or they will receive very substantial State assistance; and they cannot receive State assistance without submitting to some measure of State control.

IT is lamentable, but there it is; nobody is to blame. Discussion is urgently wanted; Government interest is urgently wanted.

And let me add that private charity, with all its noble qualities, has defects. Under the régime of unco-ordinated private charity the hospital with the cleverest advertising agent has always got, and would still get, the most money.

AND, further, private charity is apt to be capricious and cruelly sentimental in its choice of objects. Example: Are the totally blind worse off than the totally deaf? If they are, why are blind persons nearly always cheerful and deaf persons nearly always gloomy?

Yet, public pity is far more easily excited by the appeal of the blind than by the appeal of the deaf. Is this as it should be, or does it constitute a grave injustice?

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

[It is understood that Mr. Winston Churchill has played a prominent part in the development of the political crisis arising from the Turkish victories in the Near East.]

WINSTON CHURCHILL

WHEN the British public call a man by his Christian name, it means that they are quite fond of him but that they don't really respect him. The man who is dubbed on every festal occasion "a jolly good fellow" is not, as a rule, a friend in need. Whoever is liked by all sorts and conditions of people is usually two-faced, or hundred-faced—in other words, an unprincipled opportunist. Popularity almost invariably spells unreliability.

Winston Churchill is a chip of the old block. If Lord Randolph Churchill were alive to-day, father and son would be growling at one another from opposite political Parties. Both of them were born in opposition to everyone else. Temperamentally neither of them could be brought to heel. Winston has only been able to keep his seat in the Cabinet because his bosses have carefully abstained from bossing him. He has always been a free-lance in office.

HIS father occupied much the same sort of position in the political world. He, too, was called by his Christian name and was just as popular outside the House as Winston. But "Randy" in office had a very different kind of boss—and "Randy" went!

But his loving countrymen, ever grateful for sending their relatives to Gallipoli, have at last rewarded Winston for services rendered during the Great War—and he has apparently come to stop. They still don't quite trust him, but his name frequently provokes cheers.

WINSTON is himself rather amused at all this. Of course, he has an admirable Press agent, who keeps the public fully informed of his size in hats, the colour of his boots, the cut of his trousers, and such-like interesting details; but he can't help feeling surprised (and thankful) that people are more concerned with the width of a necktie than with the way they are governed.

His sole aim in life now is to occupy the highest position in the State. This he will probably do at no very distant date. He is a sort of orthodox Lenin—a very determined, energetic, stubborn, courageous, thick-skinned, sometimes brilliant, always persevering monomaniac. In the present parliament he hardly has a competitor. Possibly in the next a different temper will prevail and Winston may be called upon to give an account of his stewardship.

ONE of the leading questions before the people of England at the present moment is: do we want to be governed by privateers, adventurers and desperadoes, or have we had enough of it? If we like to squander millions recklessly on countries that don't concern us and people who hate the sight of us, if we love wars, international friction, secret treaties and all the rest of it—we've certainly got the right man for the job. His name is Winston Churchill, and his unchallenged claim to the Premiership of Great Britain is that "he's a jolly good fellow."

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

This scandalous and wicked waste
Our indignation rouses:
Vast palaces they build in haste
While heroes wait for houses.

"A brand new world we've got to make,"
That's what our "Statesmen" said—
Then wanted us to undertake
A brand new war instead.

My Lady Nicotine no doubt
Has many charms to cheer;
But one thing we're agreed about,
She is a little dear!

It won't be long before we see
A General Election,
And when it comes there ought to be
A General Ejection.

THE WAR BOGEY!

The Scare-Monger: "I say, you know, it's Abdul the Damned!"
Harassed British Taxpayers: "Oh, Abdul be D——."

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

THERE are several of our present Ministers of the Crown whom we would strongly advise to take a rest cure. That they sadly need it is made more evident every day. Blunder succeeds blunder in a crashing crescendo of folly.

Our Amazing Ministers

First there was the amazing, and in the light of later events almost idiotic, discourtesy shown to Fethi Bey, the representative of the Angora Government, who a few weeks ago came over to this country to negotiate terms on behalf of Mustapha Kemal. Because the Turkish envoy did not herald his approach in the correct diplomatic manner, or perhaps because from want of respect for the magnificent Lord Curzon he did not abase himself on the doormat of the Foreign Office, not a Cabinet Minister in London found the sense or the pluck to receive him.

The next crass Ministerial blunder related, not to an Ottoman visitor, but to a British lady. In May, 1921, Miss Lomax, the curatrix of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, was foully murdered by an Arab fanatic. In the House of Commons on July 26 last, Mr. Winston Churchill solemnly assured Mr. J. M. M. Erskine, M.P., that the assassin had been brought to justice, that he had in fact suffered the extreme penalty. A most satisfactory answer, but for the fact that unfortunately it was wholly untrue. Since then Mr. Churchill has admitted his blunder and apologised to Mr. Erskine. The murderer of Miss Lomax is still alive and kicking. It is simply a defenceless British woman, not a brutal Asiatic, who has suffered death. Another clear case for a rest cure.

Then there is Mr. Shortt—in fact, for far too long there has been Mr. Shortt. The latest escapade of this astounding ministerial nincompoop was to make a speech at Newcastle last week on the Near Eastern crisis, which if anyone had taken him seriously might have plunged the world into war. These are our Ministers! We are a wonderful people.

IT is our habit to call a spade a spade, and we therefore make no apology for stating quite bluntly that at least a dozen lavishly equipped brothels are maintained at the expense of the taxpayer for the use of the Army of Occupation upon the Rhine. Whether it is the German taxpayer or the British who foots the bill is a little uncertain and not very important.

The Rhine Scandal

Put it this way. The cost of the Army of Occupation chargeable to the German Exchequer is part of the indemnity which at the last General Election Mr. Lloyd George promised to collect for us "to the uttermost farthing." The less spent on the Army of Occupation the better. This money was never intended to house German prostitutes for the use of Allied troops. It was destined rather to compensate our terrible war privations, to recoup the loss of life and limb, to repair the wounds of industry, and to replenish the wasted resources of the Allied peoples.

The maintenance of these brothels on the Rhine is a glaring example of the profligate waste which has become a chronic habit with the Army on the Rhine. And the Germans, remember, thanks to the supine leniency of our Government, have never paid anything like the total cost of maintaining the Army of Occupation. Ultimately a big share of the burden will almost certainly fall on the British taxpayer. When the War Office presents the bill to the Treasury the item "brothels" will no doubt be prettily camouflaged, but it will be there all the same, together with a score of other items which if nakedly set out would sadly shock the delicate ears of the House of Commons. The argument that the *maison tolerée* is an essential safeguard against disease will not hold in the light of medical experience. The proper safeguard for the health of the troops on the Rhine is a system of well regulated leave.

The impoverished victims of German aggression who for four years have waited in vain for redress will hardly be consoled by the knowledge that money which might have been theirs has found its way into the purses of German prostitutes. Soon, we hope, it may be possible to disband the Army of Occupation, and so put an end to the orgy of waste that has too long furnished the Germans with an excuse for the evasion of their just debts.

THE total annual cost of the Labour Exchanges in the United Kingdom may be roughly estimated at £3,000,000. Their business is to find jobs and they do it. But instead of finding jobs for unemployed workmen they find jobs for pampered officials. The Labour Exchange is about the last place on earth where a man honestly in search of work thinks of looking for it. Employers despise the Exchanges, while workmen, too often, hate their very name. Not a week passes without its tale of harshness, incivility or callous indifference on the part of the officials towards the hapless unemployed.

Scrap the Labour Exchanges

A more costly, cumbrous and generally unsatisfactory method of distributing the out-of-work dole can scarcely be imagined. If the aid of the great Trades Unions were enlisted, a cheaper and better system could easily be found. The Labour Exchanges have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. As job-finders they have never been worth their keep. They were part of the "rare and refreshing fruit" of the Prime Minister's callow political youth, sweet in anticipation, but dust and ashes in the eating.

We must cut our loss. The Labour Exchanges have failed. Their condemnation is writ large in the unemployment returns. They are a costly sham. They help to keep the Income Tax at five shillings in the pound, without any corresponding gain to the unemployed workman. We cannot afford such a menagerie of white elephants. Scrap the lot!

IF the Government earnestly desire to put an end to the Honours scandal, there is one important step they can take here and now. Ever since the Party system was instituted the Chief Government Whip has been the Chief Patronage Secretary. If we examine these titles we shall come to the root of the scandal.

Polluted Patronage

It is the business of the Chief Whip to fill the Party coffers, while that of the Chief Patronage Secretary is to recommend names to the Prime Minister for the grant of honours. It is easy to see, therefore, why successive Governments, with an eye to Party advantage, have found it convenient to combine these two offices in the hands of a single individual. The Chief Patronage Secretary might always be trusted to remember that he was also Chief Whip, while the Chief Whip need never despair of the Party funds while as Chief Patronage Secretary he held the gift of honours in his hand.

Now the Honours scandal is ripe for remedy. Without waiting for the Report of Lord Dunedin's Commission, the nation has made up its mind that the sale of honours must cease. If Mr. Lloyd George really desires to do the decent thing, he will at once separate these two offices and so make it easy for the Chief Patronage Secretary, one of the King's Ministers, to discharge his duty with a clear conscience.

Since the first disclosures of the Duke of Northumberland, evidence of the naked purchase of titles of honour has accumulated with startling rapidity. The Prime Minister may, and doubtless will, plead ignorance of these shameful transactions, but the fact remains that the Chief Patronage Secretary, whose duty it is to recommend these grants, is the politician who, as Chief Whip, has the responsibility of seeing that the Party war-chest is kept well filled. In this way the sale of honours is practically recognised as part and parcel of the Party system.

THERE has lately been a perfect epidemic of cruelty to children. Not all the offenders have fared alike, for the ways of Magistrates differ, while the law proverbially is "a ass." See what happens. For leaving their little girl alone in a West-End flat over the week-end, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders go to prison for two months. At Feltham, a few days later, Eleanor Irwin, convicted of gross cruelty to her seven-year-old son, whom she had thrashed time after time with the most brutal violence, gets off with one month in the second division. Not so long ago a vicious step-mother who had seared a child's bare arms with a red-hot poker was fined £5.

Child Torture

Some Magistrates are past praying for, but the law can be and ought to be amended. Serious cases of child cruelty should be sent for trial at the Sessions, and the maximum sentence for the deliberate torture of a defenceless child should be raised from six months' to at least two years' hard labour.

LABOUR'S GAMBLE FOR POWER

by

HAROLD OWEN

WITH every other Party preparing for a general election, it is not surprising that Labour, too, should "get busy." But the list of its candidates must be rather bewildering to the general mind; for it includes many men whose names there certainly make nonsense of the "solidarity" of Labour theory. There are lecturers and writers associated with universities; a rev. gent. named Dunnico, who stands for the Thirty Nine Articles of the Peace Society; a lawyer like Mr. Hemmerde; the wealthy bourgeois Mr. H. G. Wells; the celebrated visionary Mr. Norman Angell; the arch-beaucrat Mr. Sidney Webb, and many other members of the so-called "intellectual" class who, from Labour's point of view, have never done a stroke of "work." What are they doing as Labour candidates?

The answer is that they represent Labour's effort to escape a great dilemma. A Labour Party, to be the real genuine thing, *must* be a class Party. But a class Party can never be a national Party, and is unlikely therefore to secure national confidence. Hence the compromise of inviting a few brain-workers to dilute the main body of hand-workers. But this compromise gives the whole show away.

The ideal Labour Party, of course, is that which ensures the "rule of the proletariat." But if you base the claim for supreme power in the State upon the qualification of manual labour, then you merely impoverish the national service to the extent of the classes (not the *least* capable) so excluded. Mr. J. H. Thomas may be the best man the railwaymen can put forward, Mr. Smillie or Mr. Hodges may be the greatest men among the miners and Mr. Bevan among the dockers. But none of these is the best man the *nation* can put forward. That indomitable fact is the real snag in the path of Labour government.

And even the predominant class of Labour itself would suffer by the same process and artificial limitation. For, if manual labour is the supreme qualification, then the real manual labourer—the navvy, the iron-worker, and the docker—would rightly claim *his* superiority over the better-paid artisans of a higher grade of skill. But that would be absurd.

It is to meet this difficulty that Labour has admitted brain workers into its ranks and is going to put them forward as candidates. But the compromise is fatal to that "class consciousness" which has evolved a Labour Party to attain class government. We certainly want the best men *the nation* can provide, from whatever class they come. It was to abolish class rule that our constitution was democratised. There are only two tests to be applied to governing power. One is honesty and the other is capacity—and it would be difficult to say which should come first. But it is certain that no class can claim all of both.

A MOST TERRIB

by A. G.

I HAVE told the story at len revelation of the methods that add only one word. Nothing Europe until the authors of such replaced by plain, honest men w do not use petrol to put out a fi

THE latest eruption of the European volcano is the most alarming that we have yet experienced. Where it will end is beyond the range of mortal vision, and as I am no prophet I will not prophesy. As I write, Kemal's victorious army is gathering on the border of the neutral zone of the Dardanelles; the French troops have withdrawn from Chanak, leaving the British alone to oppose Kemal if he advances; in Paris an agreement has been reached to call a conference of all the Powers concerned.

That is the position at the moment. Whether it points to war or peace will perhaps be clearer by the time this article appears. But whatever the development may be the episode is so grave and so illuminating that it is the business of everyone to try to understand how we have got into this latest mess and who is responsible.

AND, first, let us be clear about what hangs upon it. This is not a quarrel between England and Turkey primarily. It is a quarrel between England and France. A war between England and Turkey would not end with England and Turkey, any more than the war between Austria and Serbia in 1914 ended with Austria and Serbia. The fire would spread. All Europe, all the world, would be involved as all Europe and all the world were involved in 1914.

There is one other preliminary point. I do not write as a supporter of French post-war policy or as an advocate of the Turk. I think that French policy is fatal to any hope of peace in Europe, and I hold that the exclusion of the Turk from Europe is the one result of the peace that is worth having and keeping. But, holding these views, I hold also (1) that if we are to influence French policy wisely we must retain the confidence of France in our good faith and disinterestedness, and (2) that if we exclude the Turk from Europe we must do it with the sanction and good will of France, and with every consideration for Turkish feeling.

THIS is the more important for a very obvious reason. We have to think of the Turk, not merely as a Turk, but *as a Mohammedan*. He is the fighting member of a faith which once came out of Arabia and swept the world, knocked at the gates of Vienna, trampled over Spain and seemed destined to conquer Europe. More than once it was touch-and-go whether the Cross or the Crescent waved over Europe. The Cross prevailed, and for centuries Mohammedanism has lain inert in the desert. But the war, with its revelation of the hates and devilries of the Christian nations, has fanned it into new life. It is awake. It is full of dreams and ambitions. *And the British Empire is a Mohammedan Empire.* India alone contains twice as many Mohammedans as there are Christians in these islands and in all the overseas dominions.

This enormous fact lies at the heart of what is happening If we get wrong with the Mohammedan world the British Empire is doomed. The ex-Kaiser knew that, and made friends with the Turk. The French know that, and have made friends with the Turk. Mr. Lloyd George apparently does not know that, and has succeeded in making enemies of everybody.

How has it come about? I will not deal here with the colossal failure in Mesopotamia. The mere financial ruin of that phase of the catastrophe is beyond calculation. Mr. Churchill is the most luckless gambler that ever played ducks and drakes with a nation's fortune, and Mesopotamia is his crowning achievement. The lowest estimate of what he has cost us there is 350 millions. It is probably much more. The taxes which are wrung out of us have been poured out in the deserts of Mesopotamia in an oil speculation from which the taxpayer will never see a penny, and which has destroyed our reputation for disinterestedness with everybody, from the Arabs to the Americans.

". . . who is Foreign

But leaving that vast calamity aside, let us return to the immediate causes that have brought us to the brink of another world war. I have shown that the operation of excluding the Turk from Europe was an infinitely delicate one. I have shown that the key to the operation was carrying France and Italy with us. I have shown how difficult it was at the best, in view of our antagonism to French militarism and the temptation to France to use the Turk as a pawn in bargaining with ourselves.

Greece, dreaming of an Asiatic Empire, went to Smyrna. The Allies were in agreement so

THE Editor does not necessarily share the of sufficient interest and importance to m journal the recognised platform for the free dis

IC REVELATION

GARDINER

h because it is the most terrific are bedevilling the world. I will an come right in this distracted record of folly and cunning are se word is their bond, and who

far. But we began to encourage the Greeks to adopt a forward, aggressive policy and to give them the impression that they could rely on our support. On this matter I will put four plain questions :—

(1) After the Allies had adopted a common policy which would have checked or limited the area of hostilities, did Mr. Lloyd George see the Greek Minister and give a very liberal interpretation of the Allies' decision ?

(2) Was this fact privately communicated to M. Briand, then Prime Minister of France ?

(3) Did M. Briand thereupon convey to the Turks a similar interpretation of the decision *from the Turkish point of view?*

upposed to be rtary."

We know what followed. The Greeks went crusading forward to Angora, assured of the moral support of this country and confident that that moral support would be translated into material help. The Turks met them, assured of the moral and material support of France and Italy. Was there ever such a situation ? Two great Powers assumed to be allies, privately egging on two small Powers to war, one backing this side, the other that. What but vil could result from such exhibition of reachery ? Treachery to each other, reachery to the tools they employed, reachery to the cause of peace, treachery all ound.

UT there was this difference between France and England: France not only ave the Turks encouraging words : she gave hem ammunition and guns. England gave the reeks encouraging words, but she sent them o help. She left them in the lurch. The evitable result followed. Kind words butter no parsnips, and they are poor weapons against French 75's. Kemal swept the Greek army before him, swept it back to Smyrna, swept it into the sea, burnt Smyrna.

Then, full of the pride of victory, he turned to demand the return of all that he had lost in the Great War; Constantinople, the Dardanelles, his position in Europe. It was a critical moment. Would France, having supported the Turks so far, continue to support them as a means of bringing us to heel ? The temptation was strong. Our folly had given her an enormous weapon. She could stand aside, leave us alone face to face with the Turk and *face to face with the whole Mohammedan world*. But, for reasons which I will not enter into here, France decided to stand by the Sèvres Treaty. The Allies were agreed in defending the neutrality of the Dardanelles and Constantinople.

YOU might have thought that, with this miraculous escape, the Government would have thanked their stars and said, "No more tricks." But no sooner did the peril seem past than we had the astonishing 'S.O.S.' to the dominions calling on them to save Europe from the Turk. It was throwing petrol on a fire that seemed to be going out. It shocked the world. I have not met a soul who has not denounced it. Who was its author ? Was it Mr. George or Mr. Churchill, or both ? We are now told that it was endorsed by the Cabinet Ministers present in London. Who were they ? Did they include the one responsible minister, Lord Curzon, who who is supposed to be Foreign Secretary ? I think *not*. If so, we have come to this astonishing position, that the most sensational document issued to the world since Austria sent her ultimatum to Serbia in 1914 is sent out without the authority of the one Minister who is concerned with the conduct of foreign policy !

AND what was the object of this amazing levity ? Was it to stampede the French ? But the French had agreed to stand by the Treaty of Sèvres. Was it merely a political stunt ? Was it intended to restore the fading image of Mr. Lloyd George as the hero who wins wars ? Was it just an election manifesto thrown out by a politician at his wits' end for a popular cry ?

It was not a popular cry. There has never been an act of any Minister in my memory so universally condemned. It has flung back the situation to the brink of war and placed every card in the hands of France. It has discredited us with every nation—with the Greeks whom we left in the lurch, with the French who have beaten us at our own game, with the Arabs and the whole Mohammedan world, with the Turks who have planted their weapon in the joints of the Anglo-French armour.

expressed on this page, but considers them l publication. It is intended to make this n of the leading topics of the day.

LAW AND THE LOVELESS

by SILAS K. HOCKING

THE Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the working of our Marriage and Divorce Laws issued its Report ten years ago. Not one of its recommendations has been carried into effect.

The bulk of the separated married people are sufferers from one or other of the causes which the majority of the Commissioners thought were good and sufficient grounds for divorce. Had Parliament given effect to the recommendations of its own Commission this national scandal would have been to a large extent avoided, and tens of thousands of children would not be suffering from the taint of illegitimacy.

Two years ago Lord Buckmaster put forward a Bill in the House of Lords which embodied most of the recommendations of the Majority Report. The members of the Lords—not troubled by any fear of losing their seats—passed the Bill through the House by an overwhelming majority.

But what of the House of Commons ? What is the use of appointing a Commission if its recommendations are to be ignored ? Why waste time and money in getting at the truth if no use is to be made of it ? Of what are our members of Parliament afraid ?

As a small sop we have the Lord Chancellor's "Local Jurisdiction" Order, which comes into operation two years after the passing of the Lord Chancellor's "Administration of Justice Act."

Unfortunately, this too-long delayed measure of justice is at the mercy of the Divorce Bar—one of the closest corporations in the country. Hence it would be unwise to build on it any very high hopes.

From October of this year certain Divorce cases may be tried in local Assize Courts. Not all cases by any means. "Rich" defended cases will still have to be brought to London. Only "poor" defended cases are eligible for hearing outside London. But even so, out of sixty-one Assize Courts only eleven have been selected where such cases may be brought. Hence it is obvious that there will still be a large number of poor persons who will not be able to afford to bring their cases to these Courts.

The late Lord Gorell, who was President of the Royal Commission, was convinced that wide local jurisdiction would reveal such an amount of misery and suffering that the public conscience would demand that the further grounds be made law without delay.

Divorce, or permanent separation with its attendant evils, is the problem we are up against. In the interests of public morality and social wellbeing it will have to be solved. These Separation Orders are increasing by the thousand every year (the number in 1921 was 23,204), and they indicate a menace to the institution of marriage infinitely greater than any divorce based on the grounds of the Majority Report of the Royal Commission. Divorce Law reformers believe that a wise and just divorce law would stabilise marriage.

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

"PLEASED to meet you," said Sir Arthur Conan Doyle when the Impertinent Interviewer was shown into his study. "Your card tells me you're a journalist, and I deduce that you are a bachelor and a billiard player, that you have lately visited Italy, and are insured by JOHN BULL."

"I see you still practise the methods of your own Sherlock Holmes," remarked the interviewer, "but I'm hanged ——."

"Perfectly simple, my dear Watson—er—I mean, my dear Mr. Bull," replied the novelist. "A piece of billiard-chalk is protruding from your vest pocket; the boots you are wearing are practically new and could have been bought nowhere but in Naples; and nobody but a person insured against accident by JOHN BULL would have crossed the road against the traffic as recklessly as I saw you do from my window."

"H'm; and how the deuce do you know I'm a bachelor?"

"And where the deuce is your third waistcoat button?"

"You win, sir," Bertie admitted. "However, what I wanted to see you about was your new work of fiction, 'The Coming of the Fairies.'"

Sir Arthur frowned. "That, sir, is a serious scientific work."

"No doubt you think so," replied the Interviewer, "but I find it hard to believe that the two young ladies, Elsie and Frances, actually took photographs of fairies in the way you describe."

"To put it bluntly, you think I'm a liar?"

"Not at all, though your reputation is that of a story-teller."

"I suppose you have seen the photographs of fairies?" he followed.

"I've seen some photographs which appeared to represent very up-to-date young women with bobbed hair," Bertie told him.

"A materialist might so describe them," said Sir Arthur. "But how do you account for the fact that the fairies were seen, not alone by the two young ladies, but also by a friend of theirs, Mr. Sergeant? He was formerly an officer in the Tank Corps, and when roaming in Cottingley glen he saw numerous wood elves, gnomes and goblins, but, unfortunately, could not photograph them."

"Most unfortunate!" murmured the Interviewer. "The illustrated papers would pay handsomely for a picture of a goblin telling a tale to Sir James Barrie."

"Please do not be flippant," begged Sir Arthur. "The facts at which you scoff have been accepted by experienced psychic investigators, like 'Dr.' Vanstone and 'Bishop' Leadbeater."

"Both gentlemen with rather unsavoury reputations," Bertie told him. "If Sherlock Holmes were confronted with such witnesses ——."

"What's the use of prattling about Holmes—a mere creature of my imagination?"

"Because we all enjoyed your yarns about him and would like some more."

"I've done with detective stories," replied the novelist firmly.

"Ah, well, it's a rummy old world!" murmured Bertie as he prepared to leave. "When we ask you for more Holmes you do the same as Sir Alfred Mond—try to fob us off with fairy tales!"

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"STORYTELLER":—"She could SEE nothing but the SHRIEKING WIND and the THUNDER OF THE SEA."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS COURIER" (advertisement):—"Comfortable Bedroom and Sitting-room Vacant; suit married couple, or LADY AND CITY GENTLEMAN."

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE":—"With the EXPLOSION OF COL. COMMANDANT ——, the whole party was blown to pieces."

"EVENING NEWS":—"Instead of following this instruction, he accelerated, drove across the road, NEARLY MISSED COLLIDING with the constable, two women, and an omnibus."

"STAR":—"Charlton CEMETERY is being enlarged by the addition of a FOOTBALL FIELD."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (advertisement):—"Young Ladies and Training. As IMPORTANT NOW for a Young Lady TO HAVE A VOCATION AS A YOUNG MAN."

"WEST SUSSEX COUNTY TIMES AND STANDARD":—"Mr. and Mrs. —— . . . received the King's Bounty of £3 in connection with the triplets BORN ON AUGUST 30TH THROUGH THE KINDNESS OF THE VICAR."

"The Greatest of These ——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Another Ninth" (Gloucester), 1s. 6d.; "One Ninth" (Birkenhead), 1s. 6d.; F. H. W. (Fagley), 1s.; "Bunny," 6d.; "One Ninth," 4s. 1d.; "Sympathy," 1s. 1d.; "15th Division," 1s.; "Unemployed 3 x 3," 1s. 3d.; N. K. (Skegness), 2s. 1d.; F. F. (Maidstone), 1s.; "A Ninth on the Ninth of the Ninth," 1s. 6d.; "Kirkby a Ninth," 1s. 1d.; F. S. (Charlton), 2s.; "In Memory of Nip," 2s. 6d.; "A Widow," 9½d.; A. B., 2s. 6d.; Another Ninth," 2s. 0d.; G. B., 1s.; "My Ninth," 8d.; "The First," 3s. 6d.; "Anon.—Ninth," 1s. 4d.; "Old Fusilier's Ninth," 6d.; Anon. (Sunderland), 1s.; "Tigor Wa," 1s.; A. & I. (Tooting), 1s.; J. C. G. L., 3s. 6d.; "One Ninth" (Rhodes), 2s.; "Baker" (Tottenham), 2s.; M. R. R. (Enfield), 1s. 4d.; "Mother of Twelve," 1s. 6d.; R. A., 1s. 9d.; L. N. (Sussex), 5s.; Anon. (Oxford), 11s. 3d.; "Esca" (Peckham) 2s.; "My Ninth," 2s. 0d; "Bimbo," 1s. J. W. S., 2s.; "Fag," £1; "Tarzan," 5d.; J. W. M., 2s. 6d.; "Fussie" (Reading), 2s. 6d.; T. M. (Wadebridge), 1s.; "My Ninth," 1s. 11d.; "A Widow" (Glasgow), 1s.; "A Working Man's Ninth," 1s. 1½d.; Mrs. C. (Scarborough), 1s. 9d.; "Loiner," 1s. 3d.; "Another Ninther," 1s.; K. P. (Southsea), 2s.; "My Ninth," 10½d.; "Ninth Part," 8d.; A. C. E. H., 2s.; "A Widow's Ninth," 1s. 2d.; M. E. A. (Perth), 1s. 3d.; Anglais, "5 francs"; "G," 7s. 6d.; "Ninth," 7d.; J. W. R. (Balham), 4s.; W. L. M. (Victoria Park), 1s.; G. P., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. H. (Sheffield), 1s.; W. Y. (Hull), 1s.; Mrs. R. (Jersey), 7d.; K. P. G., 8s. 6d.; "Ninth, Sailor's Wife," 3s. 5½d.; J. B. S. (Edinburgh), 1s.; Mrs. B. (Forfar), 1s.; "Just a Ninth," 3s. 6d.; "Still Bulleting," 1s.; "Ashtonian," 1s.; "Little Nell," 1s.; "My Ninth S. M. B.," 7d.; "Paddy," 6s. 6d.; R. M., 3d.; "A Ninth," 1s. 1d.; "Ninth" (Norfolk), 3s. 4d.; "One Ninth," 1s.; R. P. (Milton), 10s.; C. W. A. (Lincs.), 1s.; "Grateful," 10s.; "Another Ninth" (Cosby), 10d.; W. N. W., 2s. 6d.; B. & B. (Bromley), 2s.; Mrs. H. B. (Oldham), £3

Mr. A. C. Williams, the winner of the First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition, No. 457, has kindly sent us £5.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably left over.)

THE CHILDREN IN THE HOVEL

From "Humanist's" Letter Bag

"I JOINED the Army A. 1. and was demobbed B. 3. in Feb., 1919. I was only on home service, however. I had the 'flu twice in the midsummer of 1918, when it was raging all over the country. I began to waste and cough, and my comrades were often on to me about it. I went to the Medical Officer, and he said there was nothing the matter with me. He gave me M.D., another name for malingering. This doctor never sounded me at any time. Within six months of being demobbed, I was certified as suffering from chronic bronchitis and asthma.

"I have only worked 4 months since leaving the Army, and have been a confirmed invalid since. I was 13 stone, now I am between 8 and 9 stone. I came out of the 'Richard Murray Hospital' a fortnight ago. I was there 11 weeks, but in spite of their kindness, I made no improvement. I am certified for tuberculosis treatment now under the County Council. I made application in 1919 for a pension, but the answer from London was that it was not attributable to army service.

"In 1915 I was passed as a first-class life by the Scottish Union and National Assurance Co. The policy has now lapsed; it was for £100. In the papers which I had to make application, my panel doctor certified I had never been ill. The National Health Insurance certified I had never had any sick payments, and my employer certified me as a most regular timekeeper at work. Still the result was *nil*. My furniture and bedding had to go piecemeal to keep myself and wife and five children, now we have only four. After that the Soldiers' and Sailors' helped us as long as their funds could stand it. They then got us temporary help from the Canteen Fund. That was 2 years ago, and since then we have had about 20s. in kind from the Guardians and National Health Insurance.

"We live in a basement hovel, but pay no rent as it is condemned. We have no bedding nor bedclothing to cover either the children or ourselves, only old coats. If you could only find some kindly person to give us some worn bed clothes and cast-off clothing and boots I would be sincerely grateful."

* * *

THIS is typical of letters which come to JOHN BULL, and are referred to the "Greatest of These" Fund. We help so far as our funds will allow—we often help when the fund cannot stand it by making an advance. *You* are the person who can help the poor fellow whose letter is printed above. Your money will bring food to the "underground hovel," and clothes to the bed of the innocent, suffering children. Can you help? A shilling isn't much—a few stamps—a copper or so saved from some amusement.

The winter is coming and unemployment is rife. We shall want all we can get for our men and women "fallen by the wayside." Remember that the real sufferers are the very men whose name you lauded a few years ago. You would have contributed your millions then. Now that they have made Britain safe for you, are you indifferent to their welfare? At any rate, you're not living in a condemned hovel, your children shivering at night because of the cold. Every penny received goes to relief. JOHN BULL charges nothing, deducts nothing; gives its space freely.

It would be very easy for us not to make an appeal. Readers do not like "cadging" newspapers; they do not want to be reminded of other people's troubles when they have troubles of their own. But we have a duty, a sacred duty, to the men who fought and their dependants, and we shall continue to "cadge" on their behalf, however unpopular we may make ourselves. Send your mite to the "Greatest of These" Fund, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. EDWARD SHORTT, K.C.,
Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—The cocaine traffic is largely conducted by the scum of foreign nations. When one of these vermin is caught, he is usually recommended for deportation, and after a short interval returns as large as life. I hope your promised Bill will prescribe penalties on foreign drug-sellers which will make them think twice about coming back again after they have once been booted out. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor H. OGLEBY,
Mayor of Pembroke.

SIR,—It seems generally acknowledged that the roads round Pembroke are about as bad as they can be, and Major Bowling, who (unlike your Worship, perhaps) has to use them, complained to the Council. This action you resented, as in your opinion he should have appealed to the Surveyor instead. Moreover, his offer to supply photographs was really too much for you, and you described it as an insult. Your brother Councillors, however, were not so thin skinned, and you are left to nurse your resentment alone. I daresay you look very noble in your robes and chain of office, but you really mustn't let your dignity outweigh your duty. JOHN BULL.

To PASTOR JEFFREYS,
Mount Zion Chapel, Swansea.

SIR,—You are credited with effecting some astonishing cures in the course of your faith-healing mission, but it seems to me you need a good dose of liver salts yourself, for in a recent outburst you declared that "men of to-day are covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, untruthful, unholy, without natural affection, trust breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those who are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure," and so on. What a nasty lot of people you must have been mixing with! By the way, how are the collections? Quite satisfactory? JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. M. L. SEATON-TIEDEMAN,
Secretary, Divorce Law Reform Union.

DEAR MADAM,—No better testimony to the need for your work could be afforded than the sentence of six months' imprisonment on George Charles Charman for telling the necessary story of adultery in order to get release from an impossible marriage. It is an amazing reflection on the Public Prosecutor that a poor gardener should have been singled out for this prosecution while there are so many notorious cases of rich Society people doing exactly the same thing. But apart from this, a law which demands adultery as an alternative to life-long misery is immoral and rotten, and every effort must be made to alter it. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to H. G. ROOTH, Esq.,
Magistrate, Westminster Police Court.

In sentencing a man to four months imprisonment for fraud, you remarked that his career showed that he had no sense of right. Then why sentence him? If he had no sense of right he had no sense of wrong, and ought to have been put in a lunatic asylum. Where is *your* sense? JOHN BULL.

Telegram to Lady BEECHAM.

Congratulations on your son's musical setting of "The Merchant of Venice"—but, in presenting the work at Brighton, was it exactly modest of you to announce it as by "the celebrated young composer Adrian Beecham"? JOHN BULL.

To GEORGE STANLEY HERTZ,
Fitter, Port Talbot.

SIR,—Even road hogs as a rule have hearts, but you are an exception. Furiously driving your motor-cycle along the highway you knocked a woman down, and as she lay in the gutter with a broken leg you shouted at her "Get up! There is nothing the matter with you." You ought, of course, to have been sent to prison, but a fine of £15 and the suspension of your licence for two years will perhaps impress upon you the fact that you are a callous brute. JOHN BULL.

To F. F. Vincent, Esq., J.P.,
Mayor of Oxford.

SIR,—You recently had before you as Chairman of the Bench, one John Reeve, a labourer who had almost reached the allotted span of life, charged with wandering without means of subsistence. He was found in the cold darkness of the early morn sleeping in a cowshed. The spectacle of an old man reduced to such a pitiable extremity would move most hearts to compassion, but hearing that there were previous convictions you sent him to prison for three months with hard labour—a monstrous sentence. I wonder what you and your colleagues would do if you had One before you charged with being *born* in a cowshed. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. RICHARD ALFRED HYDE,
Runfold, near Farnham.

SIR,—You have succeeded in getting an Ejectment Order against Albert Mullins, simply because you wanted his cottage for someone else. When it was mentioned that he was an ex-soldier with a severe internal wound, you exclaimed: "Ex-soldiers and warriors! I suppose nobody at home kept the flag flying! All this pot-house twaddle is a serious thing to people who want to live clean lives." I am afraid you are an ungrateful hound, and although the Camberley Bench apparently failed to deal with you for those dastardly words, I hope that public opinion in your part of the world will supply the omission. JOHN BULL

To the Rev. VINT LAUGHLAND,
Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool.

SIR,—The poisonous clap-trap you recently uttered from your pulpit should effectively squash any chance you may have previously had of being returned to Parliament as Labour Member for the Wavertree Division of Liverpool. A Tory, you remarked, has small chance of going to Heaven because Toryism is "the political economy of Hell." There was a lot more of this poisonous mixture of ranting religion and political prejudice, but this is enough to show how utterly unfit you are to represent rational men in a National assembly. An ill-balanced fanatic like you is capable of doing far more harm to the Labour movement than all the Die-hards put together. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to KING BORIS OF BULGARIA.

Pardon postcard. Democratic age, you know. *Re* your advt. for Queen. Any objection to pork-packer's daughter? Pig rampant would look well on royal arms. Banker's references exchanged. Wire reply Vulgaria, U.S.A. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to RAFAEL SABATINI, Esq.,
81, Albert Bridge Road, S.W.

Glad you hooked that 18-pounder at Cockermouth, though you got a good ducking in the process. You are not the first novelist who has found himself floundering out of his depth. JOHN BULL.

PLUCK
VERSUS
COLD FEET

by

A. BALDWIN RAPER, M.P.

WHAT is wrong with industry? Has the spirit of adventure which at one time was supposed to be bound up with the individualistic system, which laid the foundation of our Empire in India, Australia, Africa, and America, altogether deserted us? Have our captains of industry—awful thought—developed cold feet?

I ask in no carping spirit, but I am profoundly distressed at the frequency with which that good old stock phrase, "the industry won't stand it," is again cropping up.

Industry, it appears, won't stand decent wages; it won't stand foreign competition; it won't stand any interference with the divine right of the employer to run his works as badly as he likes.

I am not impressed by the soundness of their beliefs. I seem to remember the statement of Gladstone that the country would not stand an income tax of 1s. in the £1. I recall the arguments with which the advocates of a shorter working day were met fifty years ago, or the opponents of child labour confounded in the early days of the industrial revolution. Industry required fourteen hours' work a day from its "hands"; it required the labour of children of five to make it pay. It could not stand alterations of any sort. Yet, to-day, child labour is a thing of the past, and eight hours is the normal period of daily labour.

Will the next generation have the same tale to tell about our timidity in facing reform?

Let me give you two cases.

A certain firm well known throughout the world for the quality of its goods instituted a scheme of unemployment insurance some eighteen months ago. The cost to the firm has been less than one half per cent. through the worst period of trade known in living memory. And that half per cent. has been more than made up by the increased interest the workpeople have had in their work through having their worst fear removed.

The other case is from the United States. In one of the largest stores in the world, the managing director has no power to "sack" even the most recently joined office boy. To such an extent have his "managerial" functions been modified by the growth of democratic institutions within the works. Yet this man admits to-day that it pays his firm handsomely to resign all their previous autocratic powers. The actual workers who have an interest in the good of the industry are far more efficient than the firm itself to look after discipline.

If industry, as it is to-day, will not stand further reformation, it is up to those concerned in its future to increase its efficiency until it will. And of those concerned the employer has the chief responsibility. Instead of seeking to cut wages and lengthen hours, his duty lies in cutting out the waste. He will find plenty of scope there for all his energies.

And now is the time to do it. When things are going well, there's no need to worry. Now when things are not so easy is the time to get down to seemingly bedrock facts and make sure if they can be altered.

Are you looking for a job?—see page 2.

Some Back End Winners

Jarvie.

When Jarvie won at A. P. last Saturday week, there were a lot of people who said: "That's the last race he'll win this year." They presume that hereafter the handicappers will look after Batho's smart Louvois colt. But the queer thing about racehorses is that as two-year-olds they can carry weight as they never can afterwards, and I for one think Jarvie's winning career is not yet ended.

Werwolf.

Was somewhat of a "springer" in eleventh-hour wagering on the St. Leger, and a poor display in that race was something of a disappointment to his backers. Perhaps the colt was beaten by the distance; at any rate, he may be expected to do better next time out.

Kroonaria.

This filly, as might be expected from her breeding—by Kroonstad out of Ballara—is a capital stayer, and should be noted for mile weight-for-age events, in which, at this time of year, two-year-olds enjoy a distinct pull over their older opponents.

Beloved.

Has, like the majority of the Manton two-year-olds, been slow in coming to hand. On the occasion of her debut at Hurst Park, however, the filly showed distinct promise, and she may do even better next time she faces the starter.

Mayfair.

This colt has a disconcerting number of seconds to his credit, but on more than one occasion he has been the victim of a certain amount of bad luck. Over seven furlongs or thereabouts he may be expected to win a race before the season ends.

Quarter Deck.

A sad disappointment at Ascot, this highly bred filly ran pretty well behind Selene at Goodwood, and she should scarcely retire to the paddock without gaining brackets.

Americus Boy.

Bred as he is, this colt could scarcely fail to possess plenty of speed. We made a mental note at Derby to the effect that he was susceptible of a certain amount of improvement.

Wild Mint.

This filly, as every judge of a thoroughbred who saw her must have been aware, was far from being at her best when beaten for the Nonsuch Handicap at Hurst Park. So far as the future is concerned, this form may profitably be ignored.

Royal Canopy.

Is so much better handicapped with Jarvie at Newmarket next week than at Alexandra Park, that it is almost surprising his owner decided to run him at the Metropolitan meeting. Under the circumstances the grey did very well, and he evidently possesses those desirable qualities, gameness and stamina.

Elunyd.

This filly, who, after running second for the Irish Oaks, "slipped up" at Brighton, has been doing a lot of good work lately, moving in her best form. She will be found pretty useful over a mile or thereabouts.

Harpenden.

Over his own course, this is a good horse. He barely gets a mile, so that a fairly bold display in the St. Leger was as much as could be expected. At a distance of seven furlongs or thereabouts it would not surprise us if he turned out a "smasher."

Hard Battle.

I particularly noticed this Charles O'Malley colt in the Hampstead Nursery at A. P. He finished a head behind Castile for fourth place. I doubt if Castile will ever finish ahead of him again.

The Latest Rumours.

I have heard the following items about the back-end handicaps, and I repeat them just as they came to me.

Charlebelle is being trained for the Cesarewitch.

Air Balloon is not so sore as people think.

Gallio is a real live candidate for the 9-furlong race.

Lady Juror is the Manton pea for the same.

Halberdier is a sort of a tip for the Cesarewitch.

THE BEST THINGS.

Wittol having started us off on our successful career, I make bold to suggest as the

Best Things of the Week
VINDICTIVE**
on Friday at Newmarket and
BLARNEY STONE**
on Saturday at Alexandra Park

My Doubles.

Somebody wants to know what I have done in the way of back-end doubles myself. Here they are, and some of 'em aren't as comic as they look.

£800 to £2 Tishy and Sicyon.
£1,650 to £1 Adorna and Sicyon.
£2,640 to £1 Adorna and Hasty Match.
£1,875 to £3 Flint Jack and Tetrabbazia.
£1,000 to £2 Flint Jack and Lady Juror.
£1,320 to £2 Flint Jack and Stratford.
£800 to £2 Air Balloon and Lady Juror.
£500 to £2 Nippon and Lady Juror.
£640 to £1 Ballyheron and George Drake.
£2,000 to £2 Bracket and Sicyon.

Tishy is There.

I might add that I have Tishy in several doubles with a friend of mine. The best of those I publish are Tishy and Sicyon, and Nippon and Lady Juror. There goes £8, you say. I wouldn't contradict you. But it is amusing.

FREE WIRE.

Last two wires sent out were FLINT JACK (to those who specially asked for the Ebor winner) and DOUBLE HACKLE. Fill the coupon below and send a stamped, addressed Telegraph Form to Rowley Mile 'JOHN BULL' Long Acre, for a winner next week.

NOTE.—Telegraph forms must have a shilling postage stamp. Any other kind—National Insurance, Irish Free State, etc.—is useless.

FREE WIRE COUPON.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Sports and . . .

The Big Spanish Race.

I hear from a very good friend who was at San Sebastien for the Prix Alfonso, that although the race didn't start until 5 o'clock, some three thousand motor-cars never reached the course in time. "The course?" he said. "Well compared with the San Sebastien track, Alexandra Park is Newmarket Heath!"

Galway Prince.

"If you see it in JOHN BULL . . ."

"Galway Prince is one that is sure to pay his way in races over a distance where the class is not too high."—JOHN BULL, August 26th.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Follow Hard Battle.

• • •

Elliott is going to finish up as champion jockey unless 'Steve' sticks to his business.

• • •

From now on 'Steve' should ride good priced winners.

• • •

Wagtail C. is expected to win a race this week.

• • •

I am trying hard to find the winner of the first race (after Tuesday) decided over the Rowley Mile.

• • •

Thanks for congratulations over my first "Best Thing Of The Week."

ANSWERS.

J. CORK.—Baxter Kerr's address is 70, Robertson Street, Glasgow. "Dick" Duggan's address is 38, Dames Street, Dublin. Beresford and Smith have no Scottish address. J, Lancashire Court, New Bond Street, will find them. They are all perfectly reliable.

ONE OF MANY (Bolton).—Every punter is bound by the rules of his bookmaker.

T. V. (London).—A horse that is disqualified is placed last and does not earn a penalty even though it won.

THE WEEK'S

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

NEWMARKET (WEDNESDAY).—THREE Y.O. SELLING: **Cortona** (Predial, Tinder Box). HOPEFUL STAKES: **Duncan Gray** (Tarpon, Torlonia). NEWMARKET OCTOBER HANDICAP: **Irish Belfry** (Will Somers, Broken Faith). LINTON STAKES: **Americus Boy** (The Owl, Karl). G. E. RLY. HANDICAP: **Black Gown** (Limosin, Isle of Wight). BOSCAWEN STAKES: **Paola*** (Moabite, Light Hand). 74TH TRIENNIAL PRODUCE STAKES: **Captain Fracasse** (Dunks Green, Collaborator).

NEWMARKET (THURSDAY).—TEETWORD SELLING: **Bruff Bridge** (Polybius, Laugh). BENTINCK FUND NURSERY: **Dusky Maid** (Hungarian, Golden Mesh). CLARE WELTER HANDICAP: **Statuary** (Houdale, Harpenden). JOCKEY CLUB SWEEPSTAKES: **Cottage*** (The Winter King, The Downs). WICKEN T.Y.O. SELLING: **Verne f.** (Noowa g., Petunia). 75TH TRIENNIAL PRODUCE STAKES: **Cos** (La Lumiere, Tetragon). SNAILWELL STAKES: **Strathleven** (Isle of Wight, Idumea).

NEWMARKET (FRIDAY).—BEETRY WELTER HANDICAP: **The President** (Limosin, Golden Arch); DITCH MILE NURSERY HANDICAP: **Roya c.** (Legend, Benrinnes). NORWICH HANDICAP: **Vindictive** (Herod Philip, Goldendale). ROUS MEMORIAL STAKES: **Drake** (Moro, Twelve Pointer). NEWMARKET ST. LEGER: **Diligence** (Bucks Hussar, Fred Power).

EDINBURGH (WEDNESDAY).—MONTROSE SELLING WELTER HANDICAP: **Felim.**

THE "OMEGA" METHOD OF PICKING WINNERS

is the most astounding discovery in the history of racing, and any backer of horses who reads this announcement to the end will hardly believe his eyes when he has finished.

The "Omega" Method will never fail to show less than an average of THREE WINNING WEEKS OUT OF FIVE, and this magnificent average is guaranteed for the FUTURE. Let me state here that all my facts and figures are Fully Proved to the Sporting Press.

The "Omega" Method will never fail to show a magnificent net profit on a level stake, with no risk, which is the only sure test of a good system.

It can be worked at home in shillings or pounds, and the horse picked by name from the entries the day before the race, accurately, with no bother—just a couple of minutes. Since March last it has won over £2,000 net, with an outlay of under £12, assuming that you start with £1 on a horse, but you can start with any stake you like, so that

THE SMALL PUNTER WITH A CAPITAL OF 12s., WHO STARTED WITH 1s. ON A HORSE, WOULD HAVE WON OVER £150.

Fancy an outlay of £12 returning an income of more than £100 PER WEEK, or £10 per week for every £1 in capital.

Let me at random quote you a few of the many useful winners it has given this year:—

ORAIG ELEYR			20-1				
PROCONSUL			25-1				
GENTLEMAN			20-1	LENGLEN			20-1
MERRY CHILD			100-8	BACKWOOD			100-8
CASINO			100-8	RACKLE			100-8
STATUARY			100-8	VESUVIUS			10-1
FILLORY			10-1	SICYON			10-1
TELEPATHY			10-1	IRISH BELFRY			10-1
PROUD MARY			9-1	APPARENT			100-8
BUFFOON			7-1				

and many others at long prices, which space does not permit of my enumerating here. How many other advertisers dare to guarantee anything? They promise everything, but bind themselves to nothing. Unlike these frauds, I am not afraid to give you the full facts, and if you follow the "Omega" Method you are guaranteed a large winning balance on a level stake, with an average of not less than three winning weeks out of five, so that you RUN NO RISK.

Up to date this season it has given 18 winning weeks and seven losing weeks, that is, eighteen winning weeks out of twenty-five, which is well above the guaranteed minimum average. The LONGEST LOSING RUN WAS TWO and the best one eight running, which ended in eleven out of twelve. Rather a contrast!

Followers on one occasion had 10 winners out of 12, including a 20-1 and 100-8 chance. This I think constitutes a record when prices are considered.

FULL DETAILS OF HOW THE MONEY IS WON WILL BE SENT POST FREE BY RETURN ON RECEIPT OF 2d. (TWOPENCE) ONLY.

"The Jockey" says: "Any backer is certain to win, and is absolutely protected from loss."

Do Not Fail to WRITE IMMEDIATELY.

We are now approaching the time of the year—i.e., the back end, when the method is most successful, and I consider NOW is THE BEST TIME TO START. Last Back-End, it gave the Best Nursery Winner in SIMON PURE at 25 to 1. The net result was that the Season ended with NINE WINNING WEEKS OUT OF TEN, and I am confident of an equally good wind-up this year. It has also given the Grand National Winners for the past Two years—MUSIC HALL and SHAUN SPADAH, both at 100-8. What other System has gone for Two Months without a Losing Week—Nothing to Pay Out—simply A WIN EVERY WEEK, yet the "Omega" Method put up this marvellous record last year, and has repeated it THIS YEAR.

A more certain way of making a large and regular income out of the Turf could not even be imagined, and remember I absolutely guarantee YOU an average of not less than three winning weeks out of five, together with a handsome profit on a level stake and no risk.

START WINNING YOURSELF

at once, with more like CRAIG ELEYR, 20/1, AND THE WINNERS OF THE CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Write TO-DAY, otherwise you may neglect the chance of a lifetime.

OMEGA (Dept. 39), 71, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

If you want a spare time income read

Sportsmen by ROWLEY MILE

THE BALL GAME

Our Tips.

In the 51 matches played on September 16th, our football expert tipped 17 home winners, 5 away winners and 5 drawn games—a great record on a day when form was upside down.

Shaw of the Arsenal.

I ran across Joe Shaw the other day. It's a few years now since Joe left Bury for London, and he has now recognised he's a little beyond the adventures of a full-back as the game is played nowadays. Joe will in future rear some young players for the Arsenal, and if they listen to him properly they will soon know how to kick a ball. A charming fellow is Shaw, and I'm glad he and the Arsenal have not parted.

Don't Argue with the Ref.

The new conditions imposed on players ordered off the field are not proving to be the prevention of bad conduct that was anticipated. The McCracken incident was unfortunate, but if players will argue with the referee, they are, or should be, asking for trouble. We want a few more referees who will neither be cajoled, intimidated nor bullied, and then chin-wagging on the field will disappear.

Blackpool's Form.

Tom Barcroft must be a very happy man. When I saw the Blackpool honorary secretary the other week, he was delighted with the form of his team. They have certainly made a fine start and I hope it will lead to better support. Blackpool can do with it badly, and if they don't get it, it will mean a repetition of the old story of parting with players.

Toner is a Whale.

Little Toner, who has returned to the Arsenal, is not the most garrulous player by a long way, but when he says anything it's worth hearing, and a delicious brogue accompanies it. Toner played some good games for the London club last season, and then got his Irish cap He told me he "saw more of the ball" in his one international than in three or four league matches put together.

Why Not Play Jimmy?

The best footballer in England who can't get a regular place in first league football is Jimmy Lindsay of Burnley. The last time I saw him, he was rubbing down some of his club-mates, a rotten job for such a fine little artist. Jimmy is the real stuff in initiating an attack, and many a club would be glad of him.

A Consistent Left Winger.

Alf Quantrill, I am pleased to say, seems sound again. He gave his leg a good and profitable try-out during the close season with plenty of work on the track, and picked up quite a nice collection of prizes. He will lead to many goals for Preston and get a few himself. He's possibly still the most consistent of the left wingers.

SELECTIONS.

PINKIE ALL-AGED SELLING: **Viviani.** LOTHIANS HANDICAP: **Star of Blyth.** PRESTONPANS NURSERY HANDICAP: **Craig Eleyr.** BUCCLEUCH HANDICAP: **Self Sacrifice.** BASS ROCK MAIDEN THREE Y.O. PLATE: **Iron Band.**

EDINBURGH (THURSDAY).—MUSSELBURGH SELLING HANDICAP: **Stichill.** CARBERRY SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP: **Lilla Cross.** EDINBURGH GOLD CUP: **Rung Ho.** BARNDOUGLE NURSERY HANDICAP: **Scarba.** INVERESK SWEEPSTAKES: **Margode.** LEVENHALL THREE Y.O. HANDICAP: **Witted.**

CATTERICK BRIDGE (FRIDAY).—TUNSTALL SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP: **Skerryvore.** BROMPTON SELLING HANDICAP: **Goldscope.** STAND SELLING HANDICAP: **Gallant Spear.** CATTERICK NURSERY HANDICAP: **Sunshot f.**

CATTERICK BRIDGE (SATURDAY).—BROUGH SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP: **Square Peg.** HORNBY CASTLE SELLING HANDICAP: **San Rafael.** RICHMOND NURSERY HANDICAP: **Ickwell Green.** SWALEDALE HANDICAP: **Dancer.** GROVE HANDICAP: **The Prude's Fall.** BROMPTON WELTER PLATE: **Kirk Alloway.**

ALEXANDRA PARK (SATURDAY).—FEATHER-WEIGHT T.Y.O. PLATE: **Dusky Maid** (The Owl, Phyllis Dare). NURSERY SELLING HANDICAP: **Nantgarw f.** (Take All, Verne f.). MUSWELL SELLING PLATE: **Killeen** (Lady Bessa, Yorick). SEPTEMBER NURSERY HANDICAP: **Wagtail c.** (Dane's Yoe, Schoolgate). SOUTHGATE WELTER HANDICAP: **Clochnaben** (Bart Snowball, Lord of Burghley). HORNSEY MID-WEIGHT HANDICAP: **Blarney Stone** (Almond Wine, Morning Light). TOTTENHAM MAIDEN PLATE: **Bobanob** (Knight of the Orient, Napoule).

FORECASTS FOR SEPTEMBER 30.

(Probable winners in black type. When not indicated, a drawn game is forecasted. Home teams are given first.)

THE LEAGUE, Div. I.

The Arsenal	v.	Tottenham.
Middlesbrough	v.	Aston Villa.
Birmingham	v.	Bolton Wanderers.
Sunderland	v.	Blackburn Rovers.
Burnley	v.	Liverpool.
Everton	v.	**Cardiff City.**
Oldham Athletic	v.	**Chelsea.**
Huddersfield	v.	Manchester City.
Preston North End	v.	Newcastle United.
Sheffield United	v.	Notts Forest.
West Bromwich A.	v.	Stoke.

THE LEAGUE, Div. II.

Derby County	v.	Barnsley.
Southampton	v.	**Blackpool.**
Bradford City	v.	Leeds United.
Bury	v.	Wolverh'mpton W.
Port Vale	v.	Clapton Orient.
Manchester United	v.	Coventry City.
Leicester City	v.	Crystal Palace.
Fulham	v.	Hull City.
Notts County	v.	Wednesday.
Rotherham	v.	South Shields.
Stockport C.	v.	**West Ham.**

THE LEAGUE, Div. III (Southern Section).

Aberdare Athletic	v.	**Millwall.**
Brentford	v.	Northampton.
Brighton & Hove	v.	**Queens Park Rangers.**
Bristol Rovers	v.	Bristol City.
Charlton Athletic	v.	Merthyr Town.
Gillingham	v.	**Swansea.**
Newport	v.	**Portsmouth.**
Plymouth Argyle	v.	Reading.
Southend United	v.	Norwich City.
Swindon Town	v.	Luton.
Watford	v.	Exeter City.

THE LEAGUE, Div. III. (Northern Section).

Accrington Stanley	v.	Durham City.
Ashington	v.	Hartlepools United.
Barrow	v.	Darlington.
Crewe Alexandra	v.	**Chesterfield.**
Southport	v.	Nelson.
Stalybridge Celtic	v.	Lincoln City.
Tranmere Rovers	v.	Halifax Town.
Walsall	v.	Bradford.
Wigan Borough	v.	Grimsby Town.
Wrexham	v.	**Rochdale.**

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Aberdeen	v.	St. Mirren.
Albion Rovers	v.	Dundee.
Alloa	v.	Hearts.
Ayr United	v.	Third Lanark.
Hamilton Acad.	v.	**Falkirk.**
Hibernians	v.	Kilmarnock.
Greenock Morton	v.	Clyde.
Partick Thistle	v.	**Airdriconians.**
Raith Rovers	v.	Motherwell.

what "JOHN BULL" offers on page 2.

John Bull's Footballers

No. 2.—FRANK BRADSHAW (Arsenal).

IF rolling stones gather no moss, strolling footballers sometimes do, and Frank Bradshaw, the Arsenal skipper, is one of them.

It's very many years since Bradshaw emerged from an obscure Sheffield team, conducted by some religious body or other, into the ranks of Sheffield Wednesday, a more famous club in those days than now. The Wednesday, unfortunately for themselves, parted with Bradshaw far too prematurely. When they thought his career had finished, it had hardly begun. In turn he became the brains of the Northampton attack, and then moved on to Liverpool, to be one of Everton's best forwards in the days when Everton had a real team.

Bradshaw's next and last move was to London, but nobody guessed he would change from a clever inside forward into a class right back, in which position Frank has given his best service to the Arsenal. I have often thought what a great centre-half he would have made, but then, Bradshaw is a football genius who could play anywhere.

There are faster and burlier backs in the country, but none is a better tactician. It takes a very serious situation to make Bradshaw run about, but when he goes for the ball he gets it nineteen times in twenty, and to even a greater proportion when it is a question of "heads."

Bradshaw is also an artist in what I may call the appropriate application of weight. He's not a big fellow, but in a body clash it's 5 to 1 he isn't the player who does the recoiling.

Bradshaw, of course, holds an English Cup medal. He was not an established member of the Wednesday team when they beat Everton 2-1 at the Palace in 1907, but Harry Davis broke a leg just before the Cup Final, Frank got his chance, and, as he has modestly told me: "I'm pleased to say I did my bit." Bradshaw has also played in three inter-League matches, and would have collected an international cap but for the fact that there were other stars when he was the right age.

FRANK BRADSHAW.

There is just as much to admire in Bradshaw the man as Bradshaw the footballer. He is intensely jealous of a professional's reputation, and he acts up to his principles on and off the field.

And so, after 20 years of football, Frank is still going strong, and I hope an honourable career will last another year or two. We can't spare players of this type.

P. S.

(Next week: J. McCALL, Preston N.E.)

THE JOCKEY

OCCASIONAL WIRES AGAIN!

LAST WEEK'S WINNERS.
ON FRIDAY
VAMBRACE WON 6/4
VAMBRACE WON 6/4
WHILST ON THURSDAY.
BEGGAR GIRL (Good) WON 4/1
BEGGAR GIRL (Good) WON 4/1
FOLLOWING ON WEDNESDAY
FARLAM WON 5/1
FARLAM WON 5/1
FOLLOWING AGAIN ON FRIDAY PREVIOUS A GLORIOUS DOUBLE:—
BROWNHYLDA WON 100/30
AND
LEIGHON TOR WON 5/2.
IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING:—
MY BIRD (Confident) WON 10/1.
LEGEND (each way) 2nd 10/1.

What do readers of this paper think of the above record? Remember all sent on the "NO WIN—NO PAY" Method. Send at once 10s. only, which will cover registration fee and sundry expenses for one month's information; also send a few stamped addressed telegraph forms and your written promise to remit immediately to us the odds to 5s. (over every Winner advised on these wires your 10s. can be deducted from first Winner sent).

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ROYAL LANCER WON 33/1

Was the only selection indicated by the Lancastrian System last Wednesday following Sangard won 100/8, Hidden Gun won 100/8, Vautier won 10/1 and Lonstar won 100/8.

Long priced winners indicated weekly. Horses found in a minute. No intricate calculations. No favourites, etc. Average weekly profits during the last 25 years, 10 points. Not a losing week this year. Level stakes. 10 points capital only. About one horse a day. 300 points clear profit this season. Bets made out overnight. Full explanation of this proved winner-finder sent on receipt of 5/- and stamped addressed envelope. No further charge. If there are less than three winners next week out of six horses indicated, I guarantee to refund your remittance.

FRED LANCASTER (Dept. 33), The Orchard, Hampton Hill.

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

A deplorable feature of the King's National Roll is the absence of so many names of local authorities. The reason for this is difficult to fathom, but the fact that less than half have given the necessary undertaking is a blot that should be wiped out without delay.

IN the past, the British Legion has always co-operated loyally with the Ministry of Labour, and through its 2,000 branches has helped in no small measure to secure supporters to the scheme. On councils and other public bodies it has many representatives who maintain a vigilant watch over the affairs of the ex-Service community, and an extension of this sphere of influence is certain to produce beneficial results.

ONE would have imagined that local authorities, as they are in intimate touch with the aftermath of the war, would have been amongst the first to give special facilities for the employment of the disabled. Day after day their members come in contact with the rank and file, and their personal knowledge of the unhappy condition of the maimed should have excited their warmest sympathy. On the contrary, however, the majority of the authorities have apparently regarded the situation with equanimity and have not troubled to exert themselves on behalf of the disabled.

IN six weeks' time, the nation will again be commemorating Remembrance Day, and these self-same authorities will be honouring the dead around the local memorial. The British Legion asks them not to think of the dead in phrases only, but to acknowledge them by deeds. Surely the best way in which the dead can be honoured is by taking care of the living, and giving the living the support they so much need.

Bailiffs' Bad Behaviour: — An ex-Service man with his wife and four children could not keep their heads above the poverty line even in a slum tenement—certainly not worth the rent they had to pay. When the bailiffs came to recover the £10 arrears they found nothing upon which they could distrain. They therefore adopted a browbeating attitude. When their conduct reached the ears of the local branch of the Legion, prompt steps were taken to compel them to act more decently. The agents also agreed to regard the arrears as an unrecoverable debt.

R.S.-M. Refused Reinstatement:— Anxious to be of service to his country, an efficient servant of a public Board enlisted without the consent of his superiors. He acquitted himself with distinction and rose to the rank of a Regimental Sergeant-Major, but when demobilised he found that the Board would not reinstate him. He travelled many miles on foot to try and get work but all in vain, and at the end of his resources he pocketed his pride and applied to the local committee of the Unity Relief Fund for help. After relieving his troubles temporarily the Committee secured a position for him where his abilities found a useful outlet.

Looking After the Orphans:— One of the sacred obligations of the Legion is the care of the fatherless, so that they may obtain the opportunities in life they might have enjoyed had their fathers lived. The Romford Branch has shown special initiative in this question, and has prepared a scheme which has the approval of the townspeople. By it every orphan child will receive opportunities at present denied him —there will be opportunities for apprenticeship, etc., while facilities for advice to mothers will also be provided.

Hundreds of Cases Helped: — Valuable work is being done in Nottingham. Since the inauguration of the scheme some twelve months ago, the Unity Relief Committee has dealt with hundreds of cases, many of them of a most distressing character, and well over £700 has been spent in relief, chiefly dispensed in the form of food vouchers drawn on local tradesmen. The Committee and officials have granted over 2,000 interviews.

Refused then Recognised: — Because there was not a continuous medical history of her husband, a pension was refused to a Birmingham widow who had four little children to look after. The man had suffered from a bronchial trouble, and had been drawing a pension for two years when it was ruthlessly cut off. He died soon after, and for nearly eight months the widow struggled along, hoping that the Ministry would recognise the justice of her claim. In her distress she came to us, and when we represented her before the Tribunal her rights were acknowledged. She now gets 56s. 2d. per week.

Unreasonable Opposition: — A neurasthenic patient broke down under training, and his doctor advised him to get a change of occupation. He came to the Unity Relief Fund and got a loan to set him up as a tobacconist and newsagent. For some time he was making steady progress, which rather annoyed the other competitors in the same neighbourhood. By every means in their power they tried to hamper his enterprise. In his dilemma he invited the assistance of the Legion, and the local branch quickly had the unreasonable opposition stamped out. His competitors had "dodged the column" and did not care two straws for his disability.

His Mind a Blank: — Suffering greatly from shell-shock, a Monmouthshire man had his interests looked after by the Legion. At intervals he broke down completely. He wandered about until he recovered—and came back home unable to say where he had been or what he had been doing. During these temporary lapses his wife and three kiddies were destitute, and had it not been for the generous spirit in which the Unity Relief Fund dispenses grants, they would have starved. The Legion is the one bright spot in the lives of this unhappy family.

Help to Women Also: — The Unity Relief Fund is not only of benefit to ex-Service men, but to ex-Service women as well. A South London branch heard of the pitiable plight of a former W.A.A.C. whose income was nil, and who, unthinking of her own needs, became greatly worried about the health and welfare of her baby. The local branch helped her along and placed her in touch with the appropriate authority. She got a grant large enough to provide the necessities of life for several weeks and also a sum of £20 to pay off the outstanding debt on her furniture.

The Match Seller's Income: — Outside Victoria Station a man with a row of medals was found earning a precarious livelihood selling matches. His discharge papers were quite in order, and though he was visibly suffering acutely from bronchitis it was found that he was getting only 8s. a week for rheumatism. The man had never been advised to submit an Article 9 claim, and when directed by the Legion he soon got 40 per cent. for bronchitis alone. His regular income from pension sources is now 24s. a week, and to add to his comfort the Legion has found him an indoor job.

Became Mentally Unbalanced: — When on service in Gallipoli a Sussex boy was severely wounded. He lay for many hours on the desolate "No Man's Land," and when brought in it was found that an immediate amputation was necessary. When discharged from hospital his injury was a great handicap to him. He worried greatly, and the memory of his dreadful experience caused him to become mentally unbalanced. The Ministry would not, until we forced their hand, acknowledge that his condition was the result of war service. His widowed mother has now had her claim recognised and gets support from the State.

Guardians Refused Help: — Deserted by his wife, an old soldier found he could not look after his children alone. He had them placed in a home, and for their care had to pay 12s. a week out of his unemployment benefit. To supplement his income, as he was unable to get work, he applied for parish relief, but for some unaccountable reason the Guardians regarded him as a single man and consequently said they could not help him. The facts were reported to the Legion, who in four hours persuaded the Chairman of the Guardians that the man was very much a married man. The poor fellow got the recognised allowance, and after a week or two the Legion found him a job at his old trade.

Hardship of Time Limits: — The seven years' time limit for widows' pensions is very iniquitous, and though time limits may not be peculiar to Royal Warrants that does not make the position any more satisfactory to widows who have a moral right to pensions. It is gratifying to note that the Minister of Pensions has been impressed by the force of the arguments put forward by the Legion. Everyone calls out for the State to economise, but no one would cavil at this regulation being amended. The Legion does not think it will look in vain for the necessary adjustment.

Our Daily "Thank You": — This touching tribute of thanks and gratitude comes from a Chatham pensioner. "Your tact and careful handling of my case undoubtedly were the means of the success of my appeal. Your assistance has been most valuable. I can now keep the house going and give the children a good education. Your work means a very brighter future for me. Good luck to the Legion!"

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(*Balance Monthly*)

MANY a man has lost his chance in life because of his shabby appearance. There is no need for you to go through the winter with shabby clothes. Our system of doing business enables you to be smartly dressed without the inconvenience of paying cash at a time when probably you can ill afford it.

On payment of only 8/-, we make the clothes to your measure from cloth you have selected and despatch them to you when finished. You hardly notice the small out-of-income payments of 8/- monthly, and all the time you have the satisfaction of wearing the clothes and knowing that your appearance is beyond criticism.

No vexing enquiries are made and all transactions are absolutely confidential.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

This has been our method of doing business for 20 years, and thousands of satisfied customers throughout the length and breadth of the land bear testimony to the excellence of our Tailoring and the convenience of our Easy Payment System.

CUT AND PRICES RIGHT.

Every customer has the services of an expert cutter, who guarantees to give complete satisfaction. The range of materials available is most extensive, and the most fastidious will experience no difficulty in finding the cloth to suit his fancy.

The value we give is extraordinary. Prices (Suit or Overcoat) range from £3 3s. upwards, but to obtain equal value elsewhere you would probably have to pay at least 50 per cent. more.

A PERFECT FIT BY POST.

Our simple self-measurement form ensures to every customer a perfect fit. We have received literally thousands of letters from delighted customers, who have never been inside our shop, testifying to the excellence of our fit.

FREE PATTERNS AND FASHION BOOKLET.

Send for free patterns and fashion booklet, and you will realise the wonderful value of Benson's Tailoring service. State whether Suit or Overcoat patterns are required. Mention "JOHN BULL," and address.

LADIES' COSTUMES AND LONG COATS.

Our Ladies' Tailoring Department is as efficient as the men's and prices are as low. Easy terms of payment. Send for patterns.

BENSONS

71, 72, 72a, Camden Road, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.

If you are near here call in, or at any of these establishments—you will not be pressed to buy.

BRANCHES.

62, Cheapside, E.C. (corner of Queen Street).
163, Strand (opposite Gaiety Theatre).
87, Edgware Road, W. (near Marble Arch).
24, High Holborn, W.C. (next to Stadium).
182, Fenchurch Street (opposite Rood Lane).
288, Goldhawk Road (near Shepherd's Bush Empire).

Benson & Co., Ltd.

If you want Agents—

Study "Small Ads. Worth Watching," week by week.

the kind that build for bigger and better business, try a Small Advertisement in JOHN BULL under 'Agents Wanted' on page 3. Men who are ever on the look-out for a better opportunity, or who seek to augment their income, read these ads., and you will find them keenly responsive to your offer.

Address text, with remittance at the rate of 8s. per line of approximately six words (3 lines minimum) payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., to The Small Advertisements Dept., JOHN BULL, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

HIRCO'S ASTHMA CURE

1s. 6d. & 3s. AT ALL CHEMISTS

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.

The Standard Remedy for Over 50 Years

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

Worn by Millions.

Treble Wear.

AGONIZING ITCHING.

Terrible irritation, torture when you go to bed or get heated, which makes you scratch till your flesh bleeds, is due to acid in your blood. Hood's Medicine expels the acid and replaces it with nourishing blood, thus effecting a lasting cure. Try it for Nerves, Anæmia, Swollen Glands, Eczema, Psoriasis, Boils, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Rheumatism and all skin and blood diseases. Of Chemists, 2s. 6d., 5s., 9s. 6d., Tablet or Liquid; or Six Days' Trial Tablets and Home Doctor Book, 160 pages, for 1s., from Hood's, Dept. J.B. 17, Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

"On the Fifth of November I Shall Commit Suicide."

JUST why he said it he did not know. He had never contemplated doing anything of the kind. But nobody knew much about Saunders Rook, and he aroused little, if any, curiosity. He wanted to cause a stir. "On the Fifth of November I shall commit suicide," he said, and that one remark was the cause of him being "lionised" immediately. This extraordinary story, "A Reputation," by Richard Connell, appears in the October "PAN," The Fiction Magazine, on Sale Thursday, September 28, and there are fourteen other stories equally interesting. Don't miss it—order your Copy To-day. **One Shilling.**

Worth 10/6 over two million sold.

A 10/6 Pen for only 2/-

The most Wonderful Pen offer ever made.

READ that offer again—it represents the most wonderful opportunity for getting a really high-class fountain pen at a fraction of its real value that will ever come your way. Tear out the FREE COUPON below.

Illustration of Pen slightly reduced.

JOHN BULL

Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 extra

Address: PEN DEPT. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

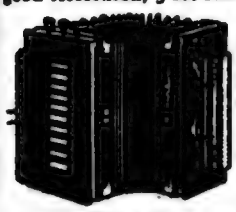
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib. J.B. 30.9.22

COMPANY MEETING.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD.

Presiding at the twenty-first annual ordinary general meeting Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart., in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that it was certain that the standing of the company had never been higher, nor the number of its regular customers greater. Happily, the efforts put forward by the Picture Postcard Committee, specially appointed to combat the unjust increase of postage on picture postcards, had proved successful. Unfortunately, however, the Postmaster-General had seen fit to limit the five-word message which entitled the sender to the halfpenny rate of postage to phrases of courtesy or of a conventional character only. He had already approached the Postmaster-General to remedy the state of affairs, but so far without result. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

You cannot Dance without good music. Here you have the opportunity of purchasing a real good Accordeon, 3 set reeds; 3 acting stops; 15 fold bellows, (all protected nickel corners) at the extremely low figure of 15/3. This is a fine instrument, splendid organ tone, every note sweet and true; and absolute satisfaction or money back is guaranteed. The demand for this instrument at this price will be big, be wise therefore, and order yours to-day. *Do it now.* (Dept. 11)



Post 15/3 Free.

SOLUS SALES

48, Baldwin Street, BRISTOL.

FURS

AT REAL BARGAIN PRICES.

Owing to rebuilding, our stocks must be cleared. The finest selection of beautiful Furs in London. Call or write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.,
145, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.
Showrooms on first floor.

MOVES GRIME SAVES TIME

Just a little Gresolvent on a damp cloth, a moments rubbing and away go dirt and grease like a flash.

Gresolvent will save you lots of hard work in the house. It cleans pots and pans, baths, paint, lino and marble slabs far better than soap or powder and needs only cold water.

Gresolvent cleans dirty hands like magic. No matter how ingrained with dirt or grease, Gresolvent makes them clean and soft in a moment. Never be without Gresolvent in the house.

In Tins 4½d., 8d. & 1/9

From Grocers, Stores, Garages, Ironmongers, &c.

CLEANS, SCOURS, SAVES HOURS.

GRE-SOLVENT
MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Fire Down Below!

There is going to be a nice how-d'ye-do over the burning of Smyrna. Enormous losses, it is reported, will have to be faced by British and other insurance companies. Much will turn on the question whether the conflagrations were the acts of civilians or were ordered by the military—in other words, whether the fires were a civil or a war risk.

After the Slump.

I have been asked for a list of all the public companies whose reports this year show losses. Six complete issues of JOHN BULL would not hold the catalogue. Brewers, distillers, tobacco manufacturers and a few others would monopolise the list of companies which have improvements to show or have held their own, and almost all the rest would be amongst the "also rans."

"Johnnies."

The report of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co. reflects the consequences of the recent labour troubles on the Rand. The profits have fallen by £100,000. Production costs are lower, but so is the price of gold. The Kaffir market has of late shown signs of something more than optimism, but this is not a department into which I can advise my readers to venture.

An Attractive Oil Share.

Amongst shares which are low-priced I number Mexican Eagle 7 per cent. Preference at about 20s. The only reason I can discover for the lowness of the quotation is that when the issue was made last May certain optimists, anticipating a large over-subscription, received larger allotments than they cared about and have been gradually unloading ever since.

A Hundred Up.

One of the most immature little prospectuses that have come my way is that of the Lancashire Billiard Co., "to be registered in New Jersey." The nature of the "preference" accorded to the prior shares is not stated, and the geographical position of New Jersey is certainly remote.

There is a Bank.

It comes as rather a shock to find that, after twelve years, the affairs of the Charing Cross Bank are not yet finally wound up. There is, it appears, an asset in Canada, in the form of a railway, which, if carefully realised, may yet produce a substantial dividend. So creditors should still exercise patience. Carpenter, the arch-culprit of the Bank, must have left gaol long ago.

Twelve and a-half Per Cent.!

There is not, I believe, a very free market in the Ordinary shares of J. R. Roberts' Stores, of Stratford, but they are officially quoted, and there should be little or no trouble in dealing. For the last three years the company has paid 15 per cent. on its 6/8 shares, which are now quoted at 8/–, so that the yield to a buyer at that price is no less than 12½ per cent. Allowing for their slightly speculative character, they look attractive.

A Good Egg.

John Barker's Ordinary shares appear to be a good holding for an investor with a few pounds to spare. For the past three years the dividend has been maintained at 20 per cent., and on that basis the yield on the present price of 48 9 is 8½ per cent. This company is one of the most enterprising of its class.

Tata Iron.

The recently issued 7 p.c. debentures of this great Indian firm may to-day be bought on the market at about 93, and therefore show a yield of nearly 7½ p.c. I recommend them as a sound industrial investment.

From the Mouths of Sucklings.

When Edward VII. was King, Queen Alexandra visited a children's hospital. "Where do you live?" Her Majesty inquired of a tiny patient. "Near Whiteley's, Mum," was the reply. "Where do you live?" "Near Gorringe's," said the Queen. If you buy Whiteley's Ordinary to-day at about £2 for the £1 share you get a return of 7 per cent. If you buy Gorringe's Ordinary at about 32s. 6d. you get a return of 9½ per cent. Curious that a child's story should put it into my head that £100 in each of these concerns would form a pretty little trust.

Easy Money.

An easy, congenial and profitable way of earning money in your spare time is open to you by becoming a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. Particulars of the plan will be found on page 2.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

15—Wages and Prices

HIGHER wages do not necessarily mean higher prices, but it is equally true that they may do so. It is extremely important that both possibilities should be made plain.

Everything in this matter depends upon output for wage paid. Wages can only be paid out of the product of labour, and unless the product is big, the wage cannot be big. The limitation of output, therefore, means the limitation of wage.

Unfortunately, with every improvement that is made in the means of work, people are tempted to believe that they can make things better for themselves by resisting any attempt to produce more goods with less labour. It is often thought that there is only so much work to go round, and that if, therefore, one man produces more he takes work away from another. This is a form of insanity which retards progress and maintains poverty.

When machines were first introduced, hand-workers broke them up because they could see nothing in them but enemies of the worker—devilish engines contrived to rob decent men and women of their livelihoods. As a matter of fact, machines save life instead of destroying it. The Lancashire of to-day, even after the disturbance of a World War and the further dislocation of a mockery of peace, employs enormously more people on much better terms than in the days when machines were unknown.

It is only by welcoming every new labour-saving contrivance, and by thus multiplying the products of work, that we make high wages possible.

The golden rule for the worker and his Trade Union should be:

Produce plentifully, and when plentiful production has made good wages possible, proceed to demand the good wages that have thus been earned.

If, on the other hand, we were to write a rule of wage folly and impotence, we might put it thus:

Starve production and produce as little as possible, and having thus made good wages utterly impossible, demand payment of what does not exist to pay.

Both employers and employed who wish for an object lesson in the relation of wages and prices can contemplate a very striking one in the works of Henry Ford, who has just produced his five millionth motor-car and who sells so successfully that in town and country his economic machines, sold at incredibly low prices, pass us every minute on the road.

Ford pays the highest wages in the world, and produces the cheapest articles in the world. He is able to pay very high wages because his men co-operate with him in using every possible means of reducing the amount of labour put into each car. This is done, of course, by pushing the use of machinery and labour-saving devices to its utmost.

If Ford or his men tried to "make work" for others by going slow, or by avoiding new machines, the gigantic Ford business would quickly disappear, and the Ford army of workmen would be among the unemployed.

He who "makes work" keeps down wages and adds to unemployment. He who saves work creates wealth and good wages.

THOUSANDS APPLY FOR "JOHN BULL" JOBS

How Money is Being Made by Readers

"YOUR generous offer of a spare time income has given me new hope. I have been out of work for fourteen months, but JOHN BULL has now given me a chance to make good." This is a poignant extract from the letter of a reader who has already commenced to earn money in connection with our golden offer of employment in return for a few spare hours' work. From all over the country, enthusiastic letters have flooded the JOHN BULL offices, the contents of which decisively prove that there are thousands of people who have been waiting for a genuine, straightforward opportunity of augmenting their weekly earnings by means of a spare time occupation. The offer has aroused enthusiasm everywhere, and the response has excelled even our most optimistic anticipations. In the near future there will be JOHN BULL readers throughout the country earning regular incomes by means of the simple spare time employment that we offer. In your own interests, you cannot afford to neglect this great opportunity.

Full details of our wonderful spare time employment offer, together with a complete working outfit, can be obtained by filling in and forwarding coupon on page 2.

A worker in a large factory, who has secured over fifty new registered readers for JOHN BULL, adopted the method of going round the workshops, just as his comrades were "knocking off" for dinner or at the end of the day. He showed his friends and acquaintances a copy of JOHN BULL and pointed out the attractiveness of its contents and explained the generous benefits of the great Free Home Insurance under which newly registered readers benefit. In a few days, during which he devoted but a few hours to the work, he had earned nearly two pounds.

Another enthusiastic reader is securing a large number of new readers from the members of his Soldiers' Club. He introduces the generous JOHN BULL offer whilst in friendly conversation with his acquaintances, and his efforts in this direction are helped by the social spirit which prevails in a club.

"I impress on my friends that I am doing them a good turn by introducing them to the new JOHN BULL and giving them the opportunity of registering under the Free Home Insurance, in return for which they can help me to earn extra money by promising to become registered readers of JOHN BULL," writes this correspondent.

A London tobacconist has been very successful in earning money in connection with the JOHN BULL offer, by canvassing in a friendly way amongst his customers. In this direction the small shopkeeper has an excellent opportunity of making money. For he has many regular customers with whom he is on friendly terms, and in return for the little considerations that he extends to them in the natural course of building up his business, they will be glad to give him a helping hand.

The friendly spirit is very helpful. The Insurance canvasser, who is well known to those who figure in his "book," should be able to obtain many new registrations for JOHN BULL amongst his clients. He can introduce the paper when he makes his customary calls, and lay the foundation of a regular income for himself.

One letter from a man who has been unemployed for several months tells how he has selected a district in a London suburb, which he is successfully canvassing in connection with the JOHN BULL offer. Instead of tramping the streets in a weary quest for work, he is now earning money.

"I feel that I have found a job at last," he writes. "And I am feeling much happier."

A motor-bus driver is beginning to earn money by registering new JOHN BULL readers, through introducing the paper to his fellow workers at the terminus and other localities where a large number of drivers and conductors forgather. A chauffeur working at a big garage has already earned over a pound in a few hours by canvassing among employees of his firm.

A reader who is fortunate in the possession of a large circle of relatives is obtaining registrations from them. Relatives and friends should provide a simple method of making money under the JOHN BULL offer for most people. Your fellow-workers in an office, big stores, factory or business house represent a promising field for your efforts.

Already men and women are earning valuable additions to their incomes by employing their spare time in obtaining new registered readers for JOHN BULL. They are qualifying for sums of five shillings for every six new registered readers secured for a minimum of 13 weeks and the liberal cash bonuses detailed in the "Golden Book," which will be sent on application.

Why not commence to make money to-day? Many others are earning extra cash, which will enable them to extract greater enjoyment out of life. Follow their example, and secure for yourself and your household those little luxuries and pleasures which may now be beyond your reach.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut Tobacco

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut
Player's Medium Navy Cut
Player's Tawny Navy Cut
} Per oz. 1/-

Player's "White Label" Navy Cut - 10½d.

Also Player's Navy Cut de Luxe (a development of Player's Navy Cut) packed in 2-oz. and 4-oz. Airtight Tins at 2/4 and 4/8 respectively.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut Cigarettes

Have a world-wide reputation. They are made from Fine Quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in Two Strengths—MILD and MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf)	MEDIUM
100 for 5/10; 50 for 2/11	100 for 4/8; 50 for 2/5
24 for 1/5; 12 for 8½d.	20 for 11½d.; 10 for 6d.

In Packets and Tins from all Tobacconists and Stores.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P8H

TWO WEEKS have already gone since we made our special 60 day offer to supply the genuine SARTOR RAINCOAT at 20/- carriage paid. Don't delay, send your enquiry at once.

SARTOR RAINCOATS

THE SPECIAL OFFER

The Genuine Sartor. **20/-** Carriage Paid.

SARTOR RAINCOATS are tailored from superb quality Gabardine, fully proofed and effectively lined. Light in weight and perfect in style and finish.

SEND NO MONEY. Write first (a p.c. will do) for FREE PATTERNS and STYLE BOOK (Ladies', Gent.'s, Maids' and Youths') and self-measurement form. You buy DIRECT so there are NO MIDDLE PROFITS.

WE GUARANTEE EVERY COAT, AND IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WE RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Dept. J.), 53, OXFORD RD., MANCHESTER.

The Kynaston Method

is proving daily that the knife is used without reason. Operations on

ENLARGED TONSILS AND ADENOIDS

are always dangerous and frequently useless. They are repeatedly followed by death. Lt.-Col. Kynaston is fighting the children's battle. His advice on any form of Catarrhal trouble is available if you will write (enclosing loose stamp) to:—

Dr. KYNASTON'S INSTITUTE,
Sicilian House,
Southampton Row, W.C.1.

12/9 Monthly

WITH 26 TUNES

is all you pay for a superbly made Mead Gramaphone with massive solid oak cabinet, richly coloured horn, extra large motor. Loud toned Reproducer. Sent carriage paid on 10 Days' Free Trial. Money refunded if not satisfied. Portable, Horniess and Table Grands at 40 p.c. below shop prices. Write for illustrated art catalogue.

Mead

Company (Dept. 647) Birmingham.

John Bull's Letter Bag

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO FORWARD ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Making Criminals." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deal with Legal inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

ALL ALONE (St. Marychurch).—"I never want to meet another man." Carry out that idea and you'll starve.

AMBITIOUS (Poole).—"I want to see the world." Keep your eyes open and look at the bit you're on.

WELL WISHER (Cheltenham).—"Cannot JOHN BULL stop the war?" Madam, peace is our constant aim.

OLIVE (Bath).—"I haven't seen an American newspaper for five years." You haven't missed much.

ALFRED (Doncaster).—"Can you inform me who said 'Vanity, thy name is woman'?" You will find a list of some of them, Alfred, in Kelly's Directory.

ORPHEUS (Colchester).—"Can you tell me which is the easiest musical instrument to learn?" Our own choice leans to the double-Bass.

MARY (Margate).—"I have written a great deal of poetry." It is nothing to be ashamed of, so long as you don't make people read it.

NINTH (London, E.C. 4.).—"Your ninth stunt has worked a miracle." We had several letters on the subject last week.

WORRIED (Lee).—"I am on the verge of bankruptcy." You are lucky. Many tradespeople have already got there owing to ruinous taxation.

CLUE (Salford).—"Can I become a detective without joining the police?" No, sir. But you can join the police without being a detective.

ECCLES CAKE (York).—"The coroner seems to be able to say what he likes." We agree that the coroner's functions should be limited.

CHEERIOH (Yarmouth).—"My wife and I had a few words last Saturday over JOHN BULL." Complimentary words, of course.

The use of Education.

HOLDFAST (Upminster).—"What is the use of education to a farm labourer?" It prevents his remaining a farm labourer.

COLOURED MAN (Swansea).—"Your remarks about coloured persons in your issue of July 9th have given great offence." We hadn't an issue on that date.

OWEN (Llanrhaiadr).—"We are not much patronised by English tourists here." Probably they experience some little difficulty in asking for the railway-ticket.

WALKER (Newcastle).—"I want to get back to India." Trot off.

HELP (Manchester).—"Why do rich men buy newspapers?" Why did the ancient barons build castles?

ALICE (Yeovil).—"Is the use of rouge permissible?" Certainly! Is not deception the better part of pallor?

SADDENED (Chester).—"We never have family prayers as our fathers did." And we miss fewer hypocrites.

FAIRPLAY (Aldershot).—"Sergeant—, though a married man, has a wife." Most married men have.

JESS (Buxton).—"I think £5 notes are the cleanest money in the world." And the rarest.

DENNIS B. (Belfast).—"De Valera is a scoundrel and a fool." We believe that he is the man who put "ass" into "Assassin."

WORRIED (Torquay).—"Portions of my bedroom ceiling are constantly falling down." We should recommend ceiling-wax.

The Girl with the Film Face.

GREENS (Ventnor).—"I have a daughter who has a film face." Keep her away from the fire or she'll lose it.

R. K. T. (Gunnersbury).—"I am sending you a few verses. My friends tell me I am a promising poet." Thanks for the verses. We shall respect your friends' confidence.

BO (Porthcawl).—"Can a street musician be compelled to move the front of your house?" There seems to be a word left out. You can't compel him to shift bricks.

CHARLEY (Tiverton).—"Is there such a thing as an extinct animal still living?" We could be very cutting, but we won't be. There are many prehistoric types which still exist.

CURE OR KILL (Barnsley).—"Can cancer be cured? See enclosed booklet." The enclosed booklet is the advertisement of a quack. Have nothing to do with him.

Don't Pay Blackmail.

Z. (Maidstone).—You have been very indiscreet, but if the woman threatens to expose you unless you pay a certain sum, she is committing a felony. Have her arrested and get it over. Only a fool or a weakling pays blackmail.

FRED POWER (Newmarket).—"How far can a man throw a cricket ball?" The cat is playing with our book of sporting records or we would tell you.

LILLIE (Marlborough).—"We get plenty of tips here, but the horses never win." There is a curious similarity about Marlborough and London.

CRYPTOGRAM (Bayswater).—"Which are the most frequently used letters in the English alphabet?" I.O.U., we should imagine.

FLORA (Hayward's Heath).—"Last week I picked a primrose in my garden." We picked one in ours as long ago as last April.

England's Big Navvy.

SAILOR'S WIFE (Brixton).—"What England wants is a big navvy." To dig the foundations of those promised houses, we presume.

ORNITHOS (Salisbury).—"I recently had the chance to acquire a specimen of the great auk's egg." We guess it was at the breakfast-table of a seaside boarding-house.

DISAPPOINTED (Newcastle).—"I have turned fifty, and have got nothing out of life." Life is like our "Greatest Of These Fund"—it's what you put into it that counts.

ALEC (Maida Vale).—"I have recently had the misfortune to ride my motor-bicycle through two shop windows." Evidently you consider that genius is an infinite capacity for breaking panes.

OLD MAN JOE (Aylesbury).—"I had a vision last night that everything in the world was wrong; that England was done for and the Empire smashed." Give up reading *The Daily Mail* if it gives you dreams.

ROOFLESS (Ilford).—"For three years I have been vainly trying to get a flat at a reasonable rental. Could anything be more discouraging?" Nothing—except trying to sell mosquito-nets in December.

E. G. L. (London, S.E.).—"You pay claims much more promptly than the dailies. This means much to those in straitened circumstances." We are glad that you have noticed one of the attractive features which has made our Insurance scheme such a success.

STUDENT (Canterbury).—"Can you recommend a good Life of Horace?" Horace who, please?

LEMBERG (Durham).—"My wife's mother remembers Waterloo." What has she got to say about Charing Cross?

PERFECT PEACH (Lowestoft).—"Men are very forward in these days." And worse in these long evenings.

LOLA (Margate).—"Can't you say a good word about the Bolshevists?" It would choke us.

CRIS (Walton).—"Many people imagine that sin is enjoyable." It is that or it's nothing.

JUBILEE (Manchester).—"Strike JOHN BULL! Strike for the Right!" Bing! Did you hear us?

Why Nurses wear Uniform.

SHARP (Derby).—"I have never understood why nurses wear uniform." They would feel chilly if they didn't.

FAIR DO'S (Leicester).—"I think there should be a universal wage for all." That would be fair if there was universal intelligence.

JOHN (Leeds).—"Do you believe in Christian science?" No, sir. We regard that cult as the most dangerous in this world.

FUTURIST (Cadogan).—"I want no old masters—I was self taught." Having seen your drawing, we are glad that you accept full responsibility.

R. L. S. (Seaford).—"What is ether?" If you mean the substance of space, most scientists say there isn't such a thing.

EXTRA (Tenterden).—"When men are in wine they will say anything in the world." And the next morning they feel like nothing on earth.

DESERTED (Brighton).—"I have never been so happy as since my husband left me." It was worth getting married, if only to lose him.

LETTER RACK (Swindon).—"I have often been tempted to write to you." And now that you have fallen, you don't seem to have much to say.

ELF (Exeter).—"I always think that I am ahead of my time." All the girls we know are usually a quarter of an hour late.

CHRISTIAN (Porthcawl).—"The Devil is very active in Wales." We want to know nothing about your disreputable friend.

UP EARLY (Bermondsey).—"If there weren't so many hospitals, there wouldn't be so many invalids." A quaint point of view. We put it on record.

GREAT HEART (London, E.C.).—"We no sooner build a warship than we start to scrap." When we have a scrap we build warships. And so it goes on.

CANTANKEROUS (Richmond).—"I never feel like throwing confetti at foolish people who marry." Try throwing bricks—which Stanley Lupino calls "Irish confetti."

LONELY PURE (Bradford).—"I am sure there must be a scientific method of extracting gold from the sea." The shipping companies discovered it during the war.

NEW COMPETITOR (Dover).—The "best way to fill up your coupons" is with good "Bullets." You will find a reproduction of the winning coupon in competition No. 458 on page 26.

Illegitimate Children.

CHILD OF SHAME (Edinburgh).—You take a morbid and unhealthy view of your position. There isn't such a thing as an illegitimate child in the eyes of God—never mind what parsons tell you. Stop being sorry for yourself—it is the worst form of vanity.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

"HUMANIST" WANTS:

A home for two little twin girls (aged 2½). Their father is an ex-officer who can pay something toward their keep—their mother died in childbirth—and he is suffering from eye trouble, which resulted in his being discharged from the service.

A girl who has been betrayed wishes to know of an institution where she can have her baby. She is a nice, respectable girl, with little or no money.

A father whose daughter (aged 16) has been taken away by a man lodger, wants news of her. Will Rosa (who may be in Maidstone) write to her mother?

"Humanist" acknowledges £1 from a good fellow, J.R.C. of Ilfracombe, for one of his cases.

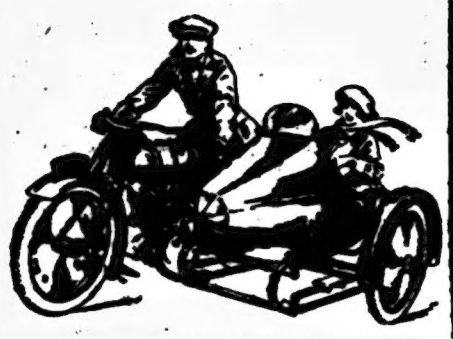
Write to "Humanist" if you are in despair.

The Martinsyde

The Symbol of Success.

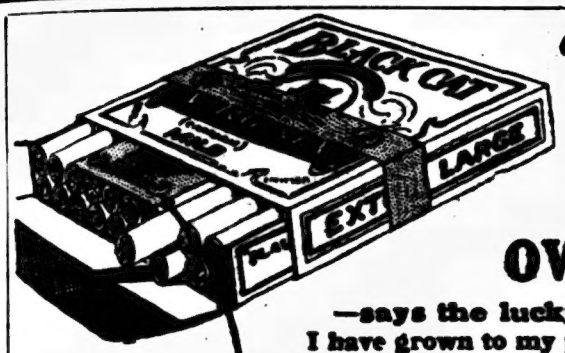
In all Motor Cycling Competitions and Trials of the past season the MARTINSYDE has proved by its fine performances that it is a machine unsurpassed for reliability, sound construction and smooth running and one that is guaranteed to give full satisfaction to the buyer.

Whether on the road or on the track, the MARTINSYDE is ever to the fore.



MARTINSYDE, LTD.,
62, MAYBURY HILL,
Phone: Woking 851. WOKING

Write for Catalogue and details of our easy payment system.



"I stand on my own feet"

—says the lucky "Black Cat"

I have grown to my present size solely by virtue of merit—and merit only. I have defied competition for twenty years.

My foundation is solid value—the best in the world at 6d. for ten.

What the Baron "British Empire" Machines—the fastest in the world—save my makers in time, I pass on to you in extra value and

LUCKY FREE GIFTS.

There is a coupon in every packet—save them. Send for Lucky Free Gift Book and five free coupons, then choose your own presents.

Save the Coupons

LADY'S "BLACK CAT" FANCY DRESS COSTUME

For 50 coupons I'll post you a package of orange and black Dennison's crepe material, a "Black Cat" Mask, imitation cigarettes, and full instructions for making up into many original designs for Fancy Dress or Carnival. Send coupons to

BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO., 228, City Rd., E.C.

Black Cat
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
VALUE
10 for 6d.
20 „ 1/-
50 „ 2/6

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

1,419
CLAIMS PAID

Amazing popularity of the Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World.

WHEN you consider that by the simple act of becoming a registered reader of JOHN BULL, you can claim against Fire, Flood, Tempest, and also against the hundred and one minor accidents that are happening in homes daily, is it any wonder that the number of claims paid is increasing so rapidly? Register To-day—To-morrow may be the day you will wish you had done so.

Fill in the Registration Form on page 26.

CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK:

FLOOD AND STORM.

LONDON, S.W.—MRS. K. BATEMAN, 99, Warwick Street. Damage to Household effects.
MILFORD HAVEN.—J. H. VANNER, 16, Hamilton Terrace. Damage to Furnishings.
NORTH DEVON.—P. B. HOCKING, 40, New Street, Appledore. Damage to furnishings.
NEWARK.—E. C. CARTER, Weston Road, Egmanton. Damage to furniture.

FIRE.

DOVERCOURT.—J. C. TOPPLE 9, Park Road. Damage to clothing.
HANWELL, W.—C. P. SAVAGE, 31, Seward Road. Damage to clothing.
BECKENHAM.—P. LOVESY, 45, Belmont Road. Damage to clothing.
KIRKBY LONSDALE.—W. TEASDALE, Old Hall Farm, Casterton. Damage to clothing.
FOREST GATE, E.7.—MRS. I. J. MOUNTCASTLE, 37, Rutland Road. Damage to clothing.
HIGHGATE, N.6.—E. L. BATTERSHELL, 188, Archway Road. Damage to clothing.
ABERDEEN.—J. PATERSON, 3, Prospect Terrace. Damage to clothing.
SUTTON, SURREY.—J. W. NEWMAN, 36, Oakhill Road, Sutton. Damage to clothing.
CHEADLE, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. E. L. EASTWICK, 10, Lime Grove, Damage to clothing.
LARKHALL, LANARKSHIRE.—F. GILLULEY, 105, Meadowhill, Larkhall. Damage to clothing.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS (£3 per week)

PRESTON, N.SHIELDS.—G. HAGGERTY, 15, Walton Avenue.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS (£1 per week).

WATERLOO, NR. LIVERPOOL.—MRS. A. LEWIS, 13, Brighton Road.
KINGS LYNN.—MRS. E. L. BURRELL, "Queen's Head," High Street.
WALSALL, STAFFS.—MRS. A. E. BATE, 7, Cairns Street.
GLASGOW.—W. COUTTS, 73, Duncriun Street.
TEIGNMOUTH.—R. J. DAVIS, 1, Indus Cottages, Willow Street.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—MRS. A. E. GOSDEN, 50, Merridale Road.
ASHTON-IN-MAKERFIELD.—THOS. KNOWLES, 89, North Street, Studshaw Cross.
CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY.—C. LEDGER, 14, St Ann's Road.
FLEUR DE LYS, S. WALES.—R. MALEY, 24, Warne Street.
HANWELL, W.7.—MRS. K. L. RICHARDSON, 9, Jersey Road.
BRIGHTON.—MRS. A. WILLIAMS, 25, Freehold Terrace, Hollingdean Road.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—MRS. A. WALLACE, 15, Catherine Street.
PEEL, I. OF M.—MRS. J. KEWLEY, 23, Shore Road.
WHEATLEY HILL, DURHAM.—MRS. E. PEACOCK, 19, Gowland Terrace, Wheatley Hill.
BROADBRIDGE HEATH.—A. HARRIS, 2, Old Post Office Cotts., Broadbridge Heath, Horsham.
IPSWICH, SUFFOLK.—A. T. LANCASHIRE, 69, Darwin Road.
WITHINGTON, M.C.—MRS. G. SIMMONDS, The Cottage, Withington House, Wilmslow Road.
NELSON, NR. CARDIFF.—MRS. E. WATTS, 20, Springfield Terrace.
GLASCOTE, NR. TAMWORTH, STAFFS.—S. NICHOLLS, c.o. W. ALTON, Sen., 9, John Street.
HETTON DOWNS, DURHAM.—J. BOX, 19, Percy Street.
TODMORDEN.—MRS. W. BUTTERY, 10, Beeton, Springside.
FALMOUTH.—J. J. WHEELER, 49, York Terrace.
NANTYMOEL.—MRS. E. OAKLEY, 40, Commercial Street.
ABERTILLERY, MON.—MRS. M. A. REYNOLDS, 9, Victoria Road, Six Bells.
ROSSMORE—PARKSTONE.—W. BALSON, Lincoln Road.
TILBURY DOCKS.—F. DAVEY, 50, Sydney Road.
SOUTHSEA.—MRS. J. FOWLER, 21, Victoria Grove.
WALSALL.—MRS. E. REDALL, 72, Mines Street.
ABERTILLERY.—MRS. B. PRICE, 22, Roseheyworth Road.
CILFYNYDD, PONTYPRIDD.—MRS. M. JONES, Cwmelderg Houses.
FAVERSHAM.—MRS. W. BRAND, 24, Athelstan Road.
CANTERBURY.—C. H. READ, 55, Wincheap Street.

Make money in your spare time—see page 2 of cover.

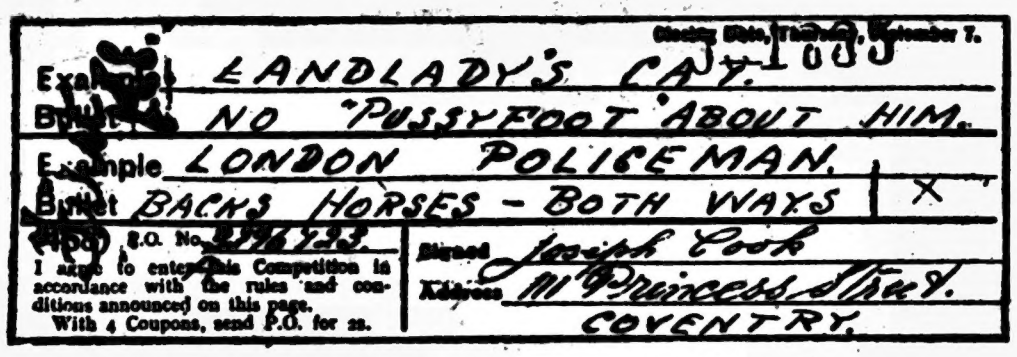
HOW "BULLETS" ARE JUDGED

Our Competition Editor Conducts Competitors Behind the Scenes

NEXT week the JOHN BULL *Bullets* Competition reaches its tenth birthday, and no finer tribute of confidence could be paid than the consistent support of our readers for a whole decade. No other competition has stood the crucial test of time for so long a period, and the happy occasion will be celebrated by the most remarkable offer ever made in a skill competition of this nature—a first prize of £1,500, full particulars of which will appear next week.

The moment is appropriate to give readers a brief account of the method adopted in judging this Competition, and I would first emphasise the fact that there is no preliminary sorting out of coupons before they reach the judges. Every coupon received is examined and judged with the utmost thoroughness by the adjudicators, all of whom are fully qualified for the work. They go through the coupons carefully and select therefrom any *Bullets* which appear worthy of further consideration. The coupons selected are then divided into two classes, those of sufficient merit to be considered for the larger prizes, and those which may qualify for smaller awards.

All these coupons are then passed to me and submitted to a further weeding-out process. There are constant "inquests" on different lines, and a free exchange of opinion with the judges ensures that only the very best of the *Bullets* are put forward for the larger prize awards.


Closing Date, Thursday, September 7.

Example: LANDLADY'S CAT. 1093

Bullet: NO "PUSSYFOOT" ABOUT HIM.

Example: LONDON POLICEMAN.

Bullet: BACKS HORSES - BOTH WAYS | X

(Tick) P.O. No. 278123.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed: Joseph Cook

Address: 111 Princess Street. COVENTRY.

A "Bullet" that Won £1,000

Facsimile of last week's First Prize Coupon

The first and other major awards are selected from the coupons which the adjudicators and the Competition Editor in joint conference have set aside for that purpose. The final selection of these prizes is made by the Editor in consultation with myself.

This method of judging ensures that every coupon of outstanding merit receives the considered judgment of several people, and no system could possibly give a better chance of success to a really good *Bullet*.

Let me now dissipate some misapprehensions that exist among certain competitors. Some think that a limited number of examples is chosen in advance, and that *Bullets* constructed from these only receive prizes. Others that, from all the coupons sent in, only a handful is taken, and the chief prize-winners are selected from this small number, the remainder of the coupons being disregarded. If any competitor were to take a bundle of coupons haphazard, he would realise the utter impossibility of making the awards in this manner. *Bullets* of outstanding merit can only be discovered by the most careful adjudication of every coupon received; any such "lucky dip" method of selection would result in prizes being awarded to *Bullets* entirely lacking in originality, or duplicated many times over.

A favourite form of criticism from disappointed competitors may be described as the "district grouse." During my ten years conduct of the *Bullets* Competition I have constantly received complaints that the metropolis does not receive its due proportion of big prizes, while provincials wax indignant because London receives too many, and villagers grumble that all the "plums" go to the big towns. Obviously, if *Bullets* winners were selected only to encourage circulation, London and the big towns would practically monopolise the larger awards. The adjudicators do not concern themselves at all with names and addresses; their energies are fully taxed in searching for meritorious efforts.

We reproduce on this page the winning coupon sent in by last week's £1,000 winner. It will be seen that the bottom *Bullet* won the prize. This serves to refute an idea that the top *Bullet* on any coupon receives preferential treatment; both lines on a coupon are judged with equal care.

I hope this short summary of the methods by which *Bullets* are judged will convince readers that everything possible is done in this office to give a square deal to every competitor.

WHAT "JOHN BULL" PAYS

The Greatest FREE Home Insurance in the World.

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home & Garden.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

REGISTER TO-DAY!

CUT HERE

J.B. 30.9.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....
.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date ....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 30.9.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....
.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

The Shop Window

FIGHTING mimic battles with highly coloured soldiers is a favourite pastime of children all over the world, and during the war many German armies were routed by our kiddies with the assistance of little lead soldiers "made in Germany." Roberts Bros., of Crewe, invite you to commence a profitable hobby during the coming winter nights casting metal toys, and we have before us several war-like figures in lead, ranging from the Roman Gladiator to Indians on horse-back, with full paint and feather, pike-men and lancers. These are quite as good as the German article, and we wish them success in their endeavour to keep an interesting trade in this country.

S. A. Barry and Company have just sent us some money which a satisfied customer has asked to be passed on for the "Greatest of These" Fund. Thus, good service helps everyone. Messrs. Barry tell us that a large number of their customers are JOHN BULL readers who repeatedly re-order. A very fine tribute to the service rendered by this mail-order tailoring firm!

The office was startled this morning by a melodious accordion which was being tested. This is advertised by the Solus Sales Company. It is certainly very cheap, and quite a good instrument.

Not everyone can play an accordion, although it is not difficult to master, but to those who do not wish to trust to their own skill we would commend the excellent gramophone advertised by the Mead Company on the instalment system supplied with a number of gramophone records. Their illustrated art catalogue is free. Mention JOHN BULL.

An "All-British photograph competition" was announced in these columns recently, and we are advised that a handsome photogravure book, reproducing the winning pictures in the different sections of the competition will be sent, together with a little manual, "How to start plate photography," by the Secretary, The Photographic Competition, 4, Oxford Street, London, W. 1. This will be supplied to those of our readers who give the names and addresses of two friends interested in plate photography.

We are told that the coming winter will be severe. This will doubtless prove a good excuse to our readers of the fair sex for purchasing new warm clothes and furs. The Wholesale Fur Company have a splendid selection of furs, and will send their illustrated catalogue free on application.

Though we do not invite trivial complaints, we would ask our readers to take careful note of our advertisement guarantee. Do not be afraid to write to us if you are not perfectly satisfied with any purchase made from an advertisement in our columns. We do our utmost to secure your protection, and in many cases, such as the Sartor Manufacturing Company, who advertise an excellent rain-proof for 20/-, we have never received a complaint, but it is almost impossible for millions of pounds to be spent annually through JOHN BULL advertisements without a hitch now and again. That is where we step in.

This guarantee refers to the smallest advertisement amongst the "small ads. worth watching" as to the largest, but we do not accept responsibility for anything other than goods.

All enquiries relating to sporting advertisements should be directed to Messrs. Alfred Bates & Company, 132/134, Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

JOYFUL NEWS

THE intimation that he had won the First Prize of £1,000 in "Bullets" Competition No. 458 came as joyful news in the midst of adversity to Mr. Joseph Cook, of 111, Princess Street, Coventry.

He tells us that he has been ill with consumption for six years, and has had in consequence to relinquish the Secretaryship of a large Working Men's Club.

He is now enabled to take a much-needed holiday.

The winning line was evolved entirely by himself, and he advises his fellow-competitors to "stick it."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 459.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. W. GRAFORD HANLEY,
6, Manchester Street, Newport, Mon.

Example:—WHY HUBBY LEFT HOME
Bullet:—"MISS UNDERSTOOD," MRS. DIDN'T.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. JEFF IRONSIDE, 93, Mountfield Road, E. 10.

Example:—IN THE PRESS
Bullet:—"BIRTH OF A NOTION."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. FRED J. IRELAND,
51, Malvern Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Example:—HARD AND SOFT
Bullet:—TREAD ON—TROD ON.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mrs. NASH, 79, Chester Square, S.W. 1:
IN THE DARK—"CAPTURE" AFTER "ENCIRCLING MOVEMENT."
Mrs. STELL, 22, Bubwith Grove, West End, Halifax:
RASH ACT—"GOADING," WHERE "CURBING" NECESSARY.
Mrs. G. TURNER, 59, Margaret Street, Ashton-u-Lyne:
OLD AND NEW—VILLAGE STOCKS—PRESS PILLORY.
H. WHEATLEY, 3, Evangelist Road, Kentish Town, N.W. 5:
NO FOOL—BARBER WHO INVENTED "BEAVER."
J. ROBERTS, Thanet Street, Clay Cross:
LEFT RIGHT—SELDOM AMATEUR LAWYER'S AFFAIRS.
EDWARD W. F. PAGE, Buckingham Street, Aylesbury:
HAVING ANOTHER—IN HONEYMOON COMPARTMENT—EXASPERATING.
F. FROST, 10, Crescent Road, Cowley, Oxford:
NO FOOL—FEELS LONELY IN PARLIAMENT.
CHARLES GIBSON, 2, Queen Street, Off Burnley Road, Todmorden:
WHY HUBBY LEFT HOME—RED-NOSED COMEDIAN EXPLAINS NIGHTLY.
GEORGE S. DYKES, Witley, Godalming:
WHAT A PAL—BULLDOG, IF TREATED JUSTLY.
P. HERBERT, 88L, Parkfield Place, Mynachdy, Cardiff:
RASH ACT—THEN BLAME THE SANE.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Miss HUNT, 15, Kirkley Street, Lowestoft:
IN GERMANY NOW — "TEETHING" — FOR "BITING" LATER.
T. WRIGHT, 11, Vane Street, Wolverhampton:
LEFT RIGHT—ONCE ORDER, NOW REQUEST.
WILLIAM OWBY, 18, Mount Street, Guildford, Surrey:
IN THE DARK—SELDOM POOR DEFENDANT'S IDENTITY.
Mrs. ALLAN, 17, Sambrook Terrace, Fulham, S.W. 6:
HARD AND SOFT—NEWSPAPER CRITICISMS, OFFICIAL REPLIES.
JOHN THOMAS BOSTOCK, 2A, Furlong Road, Holloway, London, N. 7:
FINGER PIE—OR TORY BECOMES DIEHARD.
(Subscription Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
D. COPE[illegible], 19, Caistor Road, Balham, S.W. 12:
HARD AND SOFT—ACCUSER'S VOICE, TEMPTER'S WHI[illegible]
J. FOWLE[illegible], Victoria Grove, Southsea:
NEVER SLEEPS—PROVES CRIMINAL. ONLY AMA[illegible]
EDWIN [illegible]ANSWELL, Biddisham, Nr. Axbridge, Som[illegible]
MARY [illegible] YOUNG—GIVES PARENTS "INDOOR REL[illegible]
A. H. MA[illegible], 20, Holmewood Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.[illegible]
LAMB [illegible] BULLY APPEARS, BEFORE MAGISTRATE.
CHARLES [illegible]SON, 34, Idmiston Road, Worcester Par[illegible]ley:
OLD B[illegible] SHORTT CONSULTS WHEN CORNERED.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 459 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all other Prizewinners can be seen at the Office of "JOHN BULL."

2ND PRIZE £20
10 PRIZES of £5
10 = £2 10
25 PRIZES = 10/

BULLETS 1ST PRIZE £250

3RD PRIZE £10
100 PRIZES of 5/
500 = 2/6
2,000 TARGET PRIZES

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 461.

YOUNG TURKS
GIRLS AND BOYS
WAR SPIRIT
SAFE AND SOUND
ANSWERING BACK
SEEKING A BRIDE
FINISHED
GOOD FOR EVIL
DISMAL FAILURE
UNTYING THE KNOT
PUT OUT
A GOOD TRY
A WONDER
WELL TO DO
FIRST DAY
ON HER OWN
WHY SHE REFUSED
FASCINATING PASTIME
A WISE COUPLE
FREE AND EASY
A THIN TIME
ON WRONG TACK
NEARING THE GOAL
VILLAGE IDIOT
MONEY TO BURN
A FROST
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS
MOST SURPRISING WHEN
LIVE WIRE
A DOG'S CHANCE
WIG AND GOWN
A GOOD PREACHER

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

NEWSAGENT'S SPECIAL PRIZES: Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 461 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.
All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 461, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 5.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(461) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address_____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 5.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(461) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 5.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(461) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 5.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(461) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address_____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 462.

PRINCE CHARMING—HE SAID TO HER—MAKING A BOOK—IN FILMLAND—RICHES—SINS OF SOCIETY—CAPITAL IDEA—YOU NEVER CAN TELL—DANGEROUS AGE—RIGHT AND LEFT—FAVOURITE EVERYWHERE—LYING—A BIG MISTAKE—PERFECT FOOL—A GOOD ACTRESS—GOOD-BYE—A CLOSE FRIEND—OLD MAN—AFTER HER HEART—SILENT SUFFERER.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, October 19th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 462 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 462, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 461.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the first prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 458 can now be seen in the window of Mr. T. HOLLINGSWORTH, Newsagent, 170, Webster Street, Coventry.

Next Week £1,500!!! 'Bullets' TENTH BIRTHDAY PRIZE

Suitable for the Youngest Child or Most Delicate Invalid.

Child Lost Her Power to Move.

Bad Blood and Painful Tumours. Remarkable Cure Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Miss S. Murray.

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